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MARK SUTHERLAND:

OR,

POWER AND PRINCIPLE.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAP. XV.

She'll go with him, in all his weal and wo;
She'll be with him in sunshine and in storm;
In his afflictions, should they fall on him;
In his temptations, when bad men beset him;
In all the perils which may press around him;
And, should they crush him, in the hour of death.
TAYLOR—*Philip Von Artevelde.*

"Come here, Rosalie, I want to have a very serious talk with you, my child," said Colonel Ashley, rising to meet his niece, as she entered, and leading her to a seat. "Now, my dear, I am very sorry for something that I have just heard. Nay, now, be calm, my dear—I am not going to scold. If I indulge in any sort of reproach, it must be in self-reproach for my own reprehensible carelessness. And so, my child, you are engaged to be married!"

Rosalie's face crimsoned, and her eyes fell to the ground.

"And what good, Rosalie, do you think will ever come of this imprudent step?"

The blush deepened on her cheek, but she did not reply.

"And what am I to think of this penniless young man, who uses his position in my family to wile the affections of my niece—an heiress? Would it not be a fair and rational conclusion to set him down as an unprincipled fortune-hunter?"

Rosalie started. Her eyes flashed, her lips quivered. She exclaimed—

"Uncle, you do not believe that—you do not!"

"Would it not be fair to believe it?"

"Uncle, you are a noble-hearted being—you always recognise true nobility in others. Uncle, be just to Mr. Sutherland—nay, be just to yourself—unsay your words."

"Why, Rosalie, ninety-nine out of a hundred would call your lover a fortune-hunter."

"Oh, sir, they could not—they could not! knowing that Mr. Sutherland voluntarily renounced a large fortune for an idea of duty."

"At any rate, Rosalie, here are the naked facts: Mark Sutherland, being quite penniless, and well knowing that he has no way on earth of supporting a wife, makes the best use of his opportunities to woo and win an heiress!"

Rosalie dropped her face into her hands; her bosom heaved convulsively, as with some inward struggle, for an instant, and then lifting a countenance blushing and tearful, yet gently resolute, she said, in a faltering voice:

"I must make a confession, even if it cover me with humiliation. I must clear Mr. Sutherland, and take the blame where it truly belongs—upon my own head. Uncle, it was *my fault—my own—mine solely*"——

She paused, for her girl's nature would not bear the look the old man fixed upon her. She averted her face, and with deeply flushed cheek and low, tremulous voice, resumed:

"I loved him, uncle. It was impossible, adoring moral heroism as I did, *not* to love him. God and angels know it, and you must know it, too"——

Again she paused for an answer, but Col. Ashley did not reply, and she asked—

"Uncle! you exonerate Mr. Sutherland now, do you not?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Colonel Ashley, speaking as if waking up out of a reverie. "I exonerated him at first; I only wanted to see, Rosalie, whether you would have the honor and generosity to admit what you have. Good heaven! It seems to me fully one-half the love originates with the girls, although they have too much tact to let us know it! Now, there was your aunt; I was two years courting her. In truth, I thought I had a terrible time to win her heart; but listen, now: Some time after we had been married, she told me how many months she had been 'setting her cap' at me before I ever thought of her; and yet you see after she had once gained her point, and brought me to her feet, she kept me on the tenter-hooks of suspense for two years!"

"May I go now? Are you done with me, uncle?"

"No, my dear, I have not begun with you yet! I must give you a lecture! Don't you know it was a very unmaidenly thing of you to 'set your cap' at Sutherland?"

"Uncle, Mr. Sutherland evidently does not pronounce such a judgment, and therefore it is not so."

"No, poor fellow! because he doesn't know you *did* it! *He's* under the illusion that he did all the love-making himself! That's natural. But now, then, Rosalie, how do you expect to get along in this world if you and Mark are married? You may know that *he* has no way of supporting you, and your guardian would see you both in the bottomless pit before *he'd* advance a cent of your fortune. Come, stop blushing and trembling, and answer me, my dear; I like people to be practical—what do you expect to do?"

"I do not know, uncle; I wish to leave it all to Mr. Sutherland. I have so much confidence in his judgment and in his regard for me, that I feel perfectly sure he will never draw me into any evil or suffering."

"Always faith in Mark! Suppose he should be going away in a few days, and suppose he should wish to marry and take you with him?"

"In that case, I should wish to go, dear uncle. Have you done with me now, sir?" asked Rosalie, really distressed by the length and closeness of the examination to which she had been subjected.

"Yes, you may go!" answered the old gentleman, rising, and holding the door open for her to pass. And Rosalie left the study.

In the lower hall she saw Mark Sutherland. He came to meet her, drew her arm within his own, and then they both walked into the garden.

"Well, dear Rosalie, do you know that I shall probably leave here in the course of a week?"

"My uncle has just hinted it to me. Where do you go?"

"Back to the village of S——, to take possession of an established office about to be vacated by my friend Lauderdale, who is coming on here, upon an errand of which you are already apprised, my dear Rosalie."

"Yes, I know mamma and Mr. Lauderdale will be united next month."

"Well, dear Rosalie?"

"Well?"

"I am going away in a week—must we then part?"

"Not unless you will it so, Mr. Sutherland."

"Why do you not call me by my Christian name?"

"Because that would not be true to the deep respect I feel for you—Mr. Sutherland!"

"Suppose you express that respect by doing as I wish you to do, and calling me as I wish to be called. Well, Rosalie, are we to part next week?"

"Not unless you wish to go and leave me behind—Mark."

"Wish to leave you behind! In leaving you I should turn my back upon my guiding star, my inspiration, my life!"

"Then I accompany you, Mark."

"Your friends, Rose, will they not raise serious opposition?"

"No! I have neither father nor mother, and there are no other friends who have any wish to rule me, or any interest in doing so. My young step-mother is going to break the conventional tie between herself and me by marrying a second time; and with her *own* heart under the gentle influences of happiness, she will not be disposed to wring mine. As for my uncle, his son has brought a wife home now, who will be the mistress of his house, and he no longer requires my presence in that capacity. Indeed, I might even be considered in the way. And neither am I disposed to take a second place in a household of which I have hitherto been at the head. And that reminds me that I am at the head of it *still*, and that the duties of the position press upon me every hour—even now," said Rosalie, moving to go.

He caught her hand to detain her.

"Stay—do not leave me just yet. And so, my dearest Rosalie, when I go forth from here you will accompany me?"

"I have said that if you wish it—yes, I will accompany you."

"God bless you, dearest Rose!" burst from his lips with impassioned fervor. "But, my dear girl—my fairy, fragile girl—do you know what women in the far West have to encounter? hardships from which the most robust shrink! hardships from which the strong and beautiful India shrank! and will my pale, frail Rosalie dare them? and can she bear them?"

"India, with her glorious physique, is still a delicate daughter of the sun; she is like a gorgeous, brilliant exotic, that can bloom only in a luxurious conservatory; while I, with my wan face and fragile form, am yet a child of the wind—a wood-anemone, that only withered in the Southern hot-house—that will flourish and thrive in the wilderness."

"Heaven grant it may be as you say, dear Rosalie! It is impossible for me to give you up, to leave you; yet, when I think of all you may have to suffer in being my companion, my heart is filled with anxiety and trouble. What did you say, dearest? Your sweetest words hide under low tones, just as the sweetest violets lurk under thick shade—what were you murmuring?"

"Only that I should not suffer half as much in meeting anything *with you*, as I should—as I should"——

"Well, dearest?"

"*In being left behind*," said Rosalie, dropping her head upon his shoulder, as he caught her to his heart, and exclaimed, in a sudden burst of emotion—

"You shall *not* be left behind, my darling! my darling! By all my hopes of earth and heaven, I will never, never part from you?"

For a moment her head rested on his breast in peace, and then she began to grow restless, and twisted herself out of his embrace.

"Where now?" he asked, rather impatiently.

She looked at him with a comic expression of countenance, and said:

"It is a mortifying necessity to confess, but the truth is, the *ham* has to be taken out of soak and put on to boil for dinner, and I have got to see it done; also there are goose-berry tarts and lemon custard to be prepared for the dessert, and I have got to go and do it. I wonder if uncle and cousin St. Gerald, who both love their palatee, (low be it spoken,) will ever get anything fit to eat when the gorgeous Mrs. India takes my place!" And so, laughing and escaping, she ran off.

CHAP. XVI.

With caution judge of probability;
Things thought unlikely, e'en impossible,
Experience often shows us to be true.
Shakspere.

The world-honored and time-honored bard whose lines are quoted above habitually looked beneath the mere plausible surface of possibility, and from the deep insight thereby gained, often put forth oracles at opposition to the usual routine of thought and expectation, yet which the eternal experiences of life continue to endorse as truths.

Were I writing a merely fictitious narrative, it would be in order now (after the custom-sanctioned manner of story-tellers) to describe the cruel opposition the lovers met from tyranical parents, guardians, &c. But I am writing a true story—in this particular at least "stanger than fiction"—and so have no such events to relate.

It happened as Rosalie had predicted—she met no serious opposition to the current of her affections. And if we look into the causes of that leniency on the part of her guardians, we shall not find their non-resistance so unaccountable after all.

Left without father or mother—without near relatives or natural protectors, except a youthful step-dame, now too entirely absorbed in the contemplation of her own marriage, and an old uncle to whom, until two years past she had been a perfect stranger, Miss Vivian was thus not the first object of interest to any one around her.

It is true, that when Rosalie made known her purpose to Mrs. Vivian, the lady opposed the contemplated marriage with entreaties and tears; but finding that entreaties and tears only distressed the maiden without shaking her resolution, the young step-mother felt neither the right nor the inclination to attempt the arbitrary control of Miss Vivian's destiny. In yielding her final consent—the sweet-lipped lady said amid falling tears—"Oh! were he well-established, Rosalie, there is no one in the world to whom I would resign you with so much pleasure and comfort, as to him whom you have chosen. And well I know, and deeply I feel, that even now, from this low point of life—*with* you by his side—with you for an incentive with his high moral principles and intellectual faculties, and in this favored country, he *must* rise, he *must* accomplish a brilliant destiny! But, oh! Rosalie, my child, in the mean while, I dread for you those toilsome, terrible first steps on the road to success? Oh! Rosalie, pause! How much wiser to wait until he has conquered success!"

"And share his triumphs when I would not share his toils? No! no! no!"

"It would be so much safer, Rosalie!"

"And so much more *prudent* to allow him, in those moments of depression and despondency that must come, to think that it is only the *successful* statesman or jurist whose fortunes I would share, not those of the toiling aspirant? To turn a second India on his hands, and so forever and forever break down his faith in womanhood, in disinterestedness, and in truth? No! no! no! and a thousand times no! I have the blessed privilege of healing the heart that India wounded, of lifting up the brow that she bowed down, of strengthening and sustaining the faith that she weakened."

"If you should be a burden to him?"

"I will *never* be a burden to him! Providence will never so fail me. Mine is no sudden girlish fancy. It is a deep earnest affection, arising from the profoundest sentiments of esteem and honor that ever woman felt for man—and the Father who inspired it will bless it. HE who in his benignant love said, 'It is not good for man to be alone,' will strengthen me to be a true help-meet for my husband."

"Oh, Rosalie! be *practical*, child!"

"Be faithful first, and practical afterwards."

"Rosalie you don't know what you brave! Fancy yourself and Mark now married, and house-keeping (forsooth!) in some wretched log-cabin or some lath-and-plaster shell of a shanty, in some new Western village. Fancy yourselves both down with that curse of new settlements, the ague, and each unable to help the other, and no one to give you a cup of tea, and perhaps with no tea in the house."

"That is a plain statement of a very dismal contingency, dear mamma. Yet I have no doubt that we should shiver and shake safely through it as our neighbors—that are to be—will do! Yet it is not fair or wise to contemplate the worst possibility only. The Western pioneers are not always laid up *with* the ague and *without* tea!" said Rosalie, with a sparkle of fun in her eyes.

But in a moment after, the young girl's face grew serious, and she said, in a tremulous voice, "And besides, dear mamma, the very bugbears that you have evoked to frighten me from my journey only draw me on to go. Oh, do you think, mamma, that I could bear to stay here in safety, ease, and luxury, and know that he was far away, exposed to all the dangers, hardships, and privations of a pioneer life?"

"Nonsense! Danger is the natural element of man! to seek it is the nature of the creature!"

"Yes, mamma; but illness, fever, burning thirst, solitude, and helplessness, is *not*. And, if I thought that Mark were suffering all these things in some wretched Western cabin, and I not near to bathe his head and give him a cup of cold water, and to nurse and comfort and soothe him, but separated from him by thousands of miles of mountains and plains, I tell you, mamma, it would nearly break my heart! It is no use! I *must* go with him, to meet whatever of good or ill Fate has in store. It can have nothing else so evil as a separation! Oh! I feel as if the worst calamity that could possibly befall me, would be a separation from him."

"Foolish girl! You love that broad-shouldered, robust man, as tenderly as a mother loves her babe!"

"I love him with a tenderness and sympathy that makes me tremblingly alive to his least sorrow or lightest pain; and yet, mark you, mamma, with an esteem, with a depth of respect, with an honor that makes me aspire to his approbation as my highest good under Heaven!"

"Oh! Rosalie, I will not farther oppose you! Yet, if you only had strength to endure the hardships of a Western life, I should feel less anxiety."

"Do not fear. I shall be able to endure, because 'my good will is to it;' and energetic, because I shall have a good motive; and healthy, because I shall be happy—because my heart will be right and at rest; for I say it again, because it is a great, deep, truth—'*Out of the heart are the issues of life!*' Yes, out of the heart are the issues of will, purpose, hope, health, strength, enterprise, achievement, SUCCESS! Out of the heart are the issues of all the good (or ill) that can come back to us in time or eternity! on earth or in Heaven!"

CHAP. XVII.

We foresee and could foretell
Thy future fortune sure and well;
But those passionate eyes speak true, speak true,
And let them say what thou shalt do!
Browning.

With Miss Vivian's uncle the difficulty was even less in obtaining his consent to the marriage with Mark Sutherland: and for the following reasons—Colonel Ashley worshipped his proud, talented son, St. Gerald; and, in his estimation, no interests could compete for an instant with St. Gerald's interests. Colonel Ashley liked Rosalie well enough, and wished her well enough, and he was resolved to do all he could to insure her future happiness; yet if a slight risk of her welfare would insure the domestic peace and content of St. Gerald, Colonel Ashley was not one to hesitate between the conflicting interests of his neice and son. And that the marriage and departure of Mark Sutherland and Rosalie would tend greatly to tranquillize the life of the already disturbed husband, he could not *now* doubt.

It was dreadful to notice all the fatal effects of India's want of faith—it was awful to anticipate the final result. The once haughty and self-possessed woman was growing spiritless and nervous, subject to extremes of excitement and depression, moody, irritable, and flighty to the last degree. Her glorious beauty was—not fading, but *withering, wilting*, as you have seen some richly blooming flower wither suddenly without apparent cause—wither as if scorched by the burning breath of the sirocco. It was the simoom of guilty passion that scathed her gorgeous beauty. And the cause was apparent to every one around her, not excepting her bitterly wronged and most wretched husband—to every one around her but Rosalie, whose perfect truth and innocence of heart shielded her from the suspicion of so much evil. If it was fearful to see the ravages that evil passion had made in the glorious beauty of India, it was not less so to observe its desolating effect upon the splendid genius of St. Gerald.

It was now a stirring time with aspiring young statesmen. A great national crisis was at hand; and it behooved all prominent politicians to be up and doing. St. Gerald, of all statesmen, should have been the most active, the most energetic. The eye of his party were turned in anxiety towards him—the eyes of old gray heads, exhausted by a long life's service, and reposing on their well-earned laurels, and the eyes of young aspirants, panting to succeed to them, were all fixed upon St. Gerald, as their hope, their leader, and their deliverer! A Senator already, he is carried up on the tenth wave of popular favor! Should he serve them well in this crisis, as he surely *can* if he *will*, for his talent, his eloquence, his influence is mighty among the nations; should he serve them well this time, there is no honor, no, not the highest in the gift of the people, to which he may not reasonably aspire! St. Gerald should be busy now—riding from town to town, from county to county, from State to State—convening the people, organizing meetings, making speeches, drawing up resolutions, and doing all those multifarious acts by which statesmen in the recess of Congress touch the secret springs of the great political machinery, to keep it in motion, or haply to stop it altogether. St. Gerald should be up and doing, for now is the "tide" in his affairs, which "taken at the flood" may bear him on to fortune—aye, ultimately to the Presidential chair. St. Gerald should be active, stirring—for every day is destiny! But the young statesman is doing absolutely nothing. He is withering in inaction, because his bride is withering from his side.

Colonel Ashley perceives it all. And can he see the brilliant fortunes of his proud boy thus wrecked, if the sacrifice of Rosalie will help to avert the ruin? No, Rosalie! Only give yourself to Mark Sutherland, and coax him away to "parts unknown," to that "bourne whence no traveller returneth," if possible, and your uncle will smooth your path—he will try to persuade Clement Sutherland to forego his wrath and hate, and yield you up your own fortune—he will give you his blessing, and as much assistance of every kind as your independent spirit will permit you to accept.

Colonel Ashley in fact gave his full consent and approbation to the engagement of Mark Sutherland and Rosalie Vivian. He even joined Mr. Sutherland in persuading Rosalie to fix an early day for the solemnization of the marriage.

And having settled that matter to his satisfaction, he next sought his friend, Clement Sutherland, and having informed him of the betrothal, entreated him to make some provision from the bride's fortune for the young couple, or at least to settle an annuity upon *her* until she should be of age, and enter upon the possession of her property.

But Clement Sutherland was proof against all arguments and entreaties. He locked his grim jaws fast, and would yield not a cent or a kind word. At last Colonel Ashley left him in indignation and despair. He did not *then* know that hate and revenge were not the only reasons that constrained the guardian of Mark Sutherland's young bride to hold a death-grip upon her purse-strings. No one *then* suspected that the money-grasping passion of the man had tempted him into ruinous speculations and embezzlement of the orphan's funds. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" therefore, let them not dream it yet!

A week after this betrothal, Mr. Lauderdale arrived, to fulfil his engagement with the "sparkling" young widow. He was received with the utmost pleasure by his old friends and acquaintances, and welcomed with cordial hospitality by Colonel Ashley.

The next week witnessed two bridals. Mr. Lauderdale and Mrs. Vivian were married at Ashley Hall, by the pastor of the parish; and at the same time and place, by the same minister, Mark Sutherland and Rosalie Vivian were united in that bond that only death can sever.

The next day there were two departures: Mr. and Mrs. Lauderdale bid an affectionate adieu to their friends, and set out for their palace home in the South; and Mark Sutherland, and Rosalie his wife, departed for their log cabin in the West.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Era.

MARY: A MAY MEMORY.

BY HARRIET N. NOYES.

The night was already setting in, dark and damp, with a fast-falling rain, as the Western Railway train went puffing and shrieking away, leaving me alone, a stranger, in the heart of an inland city.

Unaccustomed to the great world, bewildered by the confusion and din of the depot, and uncertain of finding, in the modern Babel, the objects of my search, I was for a moment fearful and disheartened. The memory of a moaning voice, long unheard, now calling my name, the thought of the wild, weary eyes looking eagerly for me through the lonely nights and lingering days, recalled my self-possession and the firmness of my purpose, as I stood, embarrassed and irresolute, on the steps of the depot.

I had a brave heart again, as the carriage rumbled away over the newly-laid pavement, bearing me on and on through deserted streets and dirty avenues—looking more desolate and dirty in the rain—and up the long ascent leading to the Lunatic Asylum.

Far up in the country, only a few days before, I had received a message so touchingly importunate that I had no heart to refuse obedience—the message which had brought me here.

As the carriage rolled away, and I ascended the successive flights of stone steps, and crossed the gravelled walks of the terrace from the street to the Asylum, my heart beat tumultuously that I was so near her—my unfortunate, insane step-mother. I reproached myself, not for the first time, that I had loved her, compassionated her, so little. I reproached myself that the years gone by should have so deadened in my soul the memory of a being whose life had been the benediction of my childhood. I could not now refuse the tenderness withheld so long, for the heavy shadows had parted above her, and, in clear light, the gates of the Eternal City were unfolding to the restored vision.

In the hall, the porter muttered aloud the address of my admittance card: "Mary Somers—Ward 6, No. 175. Oh, yes; I will show you." And he led the way—a long way it seemed to me—through wide, deserted halls, with dormitories on either side; signalling at an iron-plated door, which was unlocked from the inner side. I shuddered as I entered the room. That could be no quiet spirit which occupied it: I read it in the small, high window, heavily grated, the bare stone floor, the single seat builded in a niche of the wall—I read it, most of all, in the worn, haggard expression of the remembered face, turned eagerly toward me as I entered.

"Is she sane?" I inquired, hastily, of the attendant, as I passed her at the door.

"Perfectly so. She has been, at intervals, for a month."

"Leave me alone with her, then."

And she withdrew.

I approached the bed, timidly, knelt by it, and, taking the thin, white hand in mine, and covering it with my tears, thanked God, silently, that this hour had come. She looked on me with a bewildered, earnest glance. It passed away in a moment, and those eyes met mine again, as they had lingered in my memory—clear, serene, and beautiful, shining through the shadows of the far-off past. In their light, I forgot, for a moment, the black years which had come between; I forgot all, in the old, yearning tenderness that had blessed my childhood. I had no reproaches that there had been no light for me in the darkness, since it was shining on me now. Such an hour will not come to me again, until the long-loved, long-parted, meet in the resurrection, forgetful, in present bliss, of all that has gone before.

"My mother!" "God bless you, my child!" were the only words we uttered, striving, through blinding tears, to look upon each other.

"Oh, how the years have gone by," she said, at length, sadly. "It was but yesterday, I know it was but yesterday, since I looked upon you last; and yet there are many years on you, my child; there are deep lines on your brow—the plain, strong marking of the anxious years. Oh! it must have been long ago! How strange that, after the years of forgetfulness, Death should bring to me, again, the old memories. Yes, Death has brought them to me, my child. Death, for which I cried so despairingly, so bitterly, years ago, is coming to me now. I must tell you, while I can, why I have appealed to you. One wish has been closely in my heart, which I can in no way persuade myself to yield. Remembering you, as I have done, I have felt that you, at least, would not deny me. Carry me back to the old church-yard of my native village—carry me back, and bury me by Lewis Liaume. For fulfilling my wishes, the world cannot harm you; and it is no matter to me what it may say of me, for I shall be beyond reproaches—beyond rebuke. Promise me, now, that you will bury me there—promise me, now."

"I will, mother—I will."

"God bless you for that, my child. And I could also wish that in your heart I may be remembered with kindliness—with charity. For this I have determined to recall the past; not minutely, for, in a life like mine, the deepest and strongest influences lie beyond the reach of words. I can only tell you its commonest, its most obvious, experiences. Do you remember the old brown house upon the hillside, the orchard stretching beyond it, and the old elms, which embraced each other above it; the maples by the doorway and the lilacs under the windows, where the birds builded their nests and sung their lives away, years agone?"

"Yes, it was long ago; but I remember it all, mother."

"Oh! it was a lovely place. I ought to have been happy there, perhaps; but, even to-day, its memory recalls, with torturing distinctness, the darkest years of my life—years that made me what I am, and placed me here. When Louis Liaume died, he did not anticipate such a destiny for me. He had been the discreet guardian of my orphaned childhood; his fortune had furnished me ample opportunities for the improvement of fine tastes in the study of everything good or beautiful; and, devoting himself diligently and patiently to the work, he had instructed me carefully in the sciences, in which he was so rare, so brilliant an enthusiast. His death suddenly left me alone, and penniless, for he had made no will. Accustomed, from my earliest recollection, to the seclusion of his study, the solitary companion of his walks and his travels abroad, I had acquired no just knowledge of the world. A wider observation of human nature, a keener instinct in discriminating character, might have warned and preserved me. I never understood why your father sought me for a wife. He might have compassionated me for my friendlessness; he might have respected me for my talents; he might have loved me. But John Somers was not the man to pity, respect, or love, any human being but himself. I tell you as it seems to me now, for at seventeen I looked upon all men through the medium which the tenderness and generosity of Louis Liaume had given me. Your father was twelve years my senior; a wife had become a necessity, as an overseer for his motherless children; and with words of affectionate tenderness, which I had not the discernment to perceive as unmeaning conventionalities, he won me to the task. In my isolation, my utter loneliness in the world, I had a gratitude for his protection, which kindliness and affection might have made the passionate adoration of which my being was capable. But there are some souls so different in their whole organization, that between them nothing in the universe can create intellectual affinity. Each may be true to itself—true, perhaps, to its God—but never a congenial associate for the other.

"I was timid and quiet in manner; but, in my heart, passionate and unyielding. With sternness and severity I could never be awed or subdued. A defiant spirit was thoroughly roused in me, which stooped not to insulting words, but silently returned scorn for scorn. As a dweller in his house, John Somers saw in me everything to censure, nothing to approve. In my whole life, I had acquired no knowledge which could give me an understanding of my present embarrassing position, and the element in his character which could have won me to adapt myself to its necessities, was entirely wanting. Cares were coming fast upon me, looming up before me like black clouds, shutting away from my sight the free, clear light which God might have given me. Farther off, and unattainable, seemed the realization of my best hopes—the better, more congenial life for which I yearned. For love's sake, I could have borne anything; but there were no soothing words for me—no hands to help me, as the surging waters rose higher and higher about me; and I struggled, and buffeted, and yielded to them alone.

"I can hardly tell how it was, now. I should have had more patience—more faith; but where should I look for help, who had never been taught either the one or the other? In the absence of everything which might have made life tolerable, I reflected and remembered. I remembered, with reverent adoration, the man who had blest my youth; and, as I went forward into the darkness, dearer became the light which had been mine in the past. The freshness of feeling which should have survived my youth, had left me forever. The dear old days of my childhood seemed to me far, far away—so far as to have left in my soul only the impression of a brief, beautiful dream. Green fields and pleasant woodlands of my spring-time! they were seared and dead now, in the chill, desolating autumn. They would never bloom for me more!

"Day after day went by—days in which life was a weary load, which I dared not cast aside—but I staggered on, with bleeding feet and beaded brow, for a while hoping against hope, at last lifting my eyes despairingly to the long, long way before.

"To you, my child, these may seem the vagaries of a maniac; but to me they are terribly real, for they made me what I am. The madness of despair is not the result of an impulsive, passionate hour; it is the work of years—of fretting, torturing years. Even the child which God had given me did not rouse me to effort for its sake, though in my loneliness I gave it a twofold affection. Spare me the detail; the evil spirit, which was irresistibly impelling me onward, was triumphant over the good.

"At nightfall, on one of those days, I sat down with my child in a shady nook of the forest, which had been the haunt of my earlier years. There I had watched the sun set over the lake, but never so gorgeously as now. I wondered why God had placed such beauty so mockingly over the desolate world. I wondered if Louis Liaume could see me now, and why he did not help me—the man whose gentle kindliness had become a sleepless memory, the one light of my life!

"My heart rose rebelliously against my destiny. I would walk out into the shining waters, and let them roll over me and my child, and shut away from my sight, forever, the joyless world. I would seek there the being who had so loved and blessed me. I went out, far out, into the water, until but a step lay between me and him. But a step, did I say? Oh! had I been sure of this—had I been sure that it would not have removed me from him, hopelessly and forever, the flood should have been the Lethe of my life. Although destitute of healthful principles, without religious faith or hope, I had still a fear—perhaps I should say a consciousness—that in the warfare of my life I had not done well. I had been cowardly, guilty; I dared not die. But, my child, my child—who should hinder me? I would lift her up from the abyss into which I had fallen, to the pure, bright heaven above me—not the destiny which had doomed me should hold me back. A strange, bitter fearlessness was in my heart. I did it daringly, defiantly. I laid her down in the still water, as firmly as though it had been her cradle, and smiled mockingly in the face of the azure sky and golden clouds above me; for none had stayed me from giving her back to dwell among them. I turned away to the shore, and watched the golden hues of the sunset fade away from the mountains over the lake. In my childhood, with an earnest, wondering faith, I had thought them the Delectable Mountains, from whose radiant summits the Pilgrim looked over the Dark Valley to the land of Beulah, and farther on, until he 'thought he saw the very gate of the Celestial City, and some of the glory of the place.' How changed the vision now, as I turned from it to the sky above, and wondered if there were such a city, lost to me forever. Oh! how yearningly could I have looked toward it—how rejoicingly, with my spirit sight, beheld it among the clouds—had there been a hand to have pointed me unto it!

"I waited until the stars came out in the still heaven, and I said, defiantly, 'There is none to harm but me, and I have no fear.' It was the fearlessness of despair.

"I remember the trial. The little, rigid form, caught by the frock in some shrubbery bending over the lake, had risen up against me. A strange thrill ran through my heart, as I heard the plea of the defence, that I was insane—a subject of the mercy of the court. That is a questionable mercy which gives up the victim to be maddened by the reproaches of the world. Even then I might have been saved; but there was not one of the stern judges of my crime—not one of all that crowd of uplifted, ghastly faces, to look kindly and pityingly upon me; not one to utter the soothing words of charity and sympathy for a heart which was yearning and breaking for the old tenderness which had blessed its childhood. They had for me only harshness, and reproaches, and chains. Do you know they chain me sometimes? and strong men bring me food, warily, as though I were a fierce beast, to be shut away from the world—away from human sympathies. Ha! do you see the high grated windows, so deep that I can get no glimpse of the blue, bright sky? In my anger, I lost the little self-control which had held me in check for years. I shrieked, and raved, and struggled madly against my prison walls. Wild, ghastly faces swam through the dim light and about my room; and at night I pressed my face close to the grating, and shouted to the fiends; and strange, mocking voices answered me out of the darkness."

* * * * * * *

"It is all over now—the stormy struggle of my wasted life. Dim and distant—remembered only as a troubled dream—are they becoming to me now—these years of which I can tell you no more. The waves have swept me on, and on, until, weary with buffeting the tempest and the spray, I am cast, helpless and dying, upon the shore. The storm has died away. I only lift my eyes, yearningly, beseechingly, to the clear sky above me—I lift my weary arms toward it—I remember that 'the Son of the Blessed is very pitiful.'

"Visions of my childhood melt my heart to tenderness, and there comes back to me, soothingly, the fresh dewiness of life's spring. But I have no regret that they are past. I remember, more than all, a green grave in the church-yard, with the weeping elms bending low above it, and the violets of May blossoming in their shadow. A kindlier heart was never laid beneath the greensward—a truer soul never went up from its earthly habitation to the dwelling-place of God. You will bury me there, my child. God bless you for the words. You will bury me in the shadow of the old elms, bending low above us, and the violet-covered turf will blossom over our heads. Yes, you will bury me by Louis Liaume."

A week later, the bright sun was shining as I recrossed the gravelled walks on my way from the city. The ash and linden trees were sparkling with the heavy rain-drops, and spring flowers were breathing perfumes in the genial air of the May morning.

Mary Somers was dead. If she had committed a great crime, she had made fearful expiation. I, to whom her life might have been a benediction, forgave her, in the depths of my heart, for the sake of all she had suffered. And, this returning May morning, I have written of her this brief memorial. Although her grave is many leagues away, I know that the shadow of the weeping elms and the dewy violets are above it, and another kindly heart is hushed beneath the greensward that covers Louis Liaume.

A VOICE FOR FREEDOM.*

No. 1.

While man in slavery's impious bond our brother dares to hold,
Say, Christian! can we calmly hear his tale of suffering told?
Our hope is in JEHOVAH'S power; His word to us is true;
And can we leave our Father's work for alien hands to do?

Shall we close our eyes in slumber, or lay our weapons down,
That the labors of the infidel may rob us of our crown?
The foe is on our bulwarks; to us his trumpet calls—
Must the hands that shake your pillars be strong to build your walls?

Up, Christians! to the contest; your right as leaders claim;
Let the troops that win the battle fight in Messiah's name;
Let the slaves, with grateful voices, to liberty restored,
To coming generations tell, "Our help was from the LORD!

"He sent his people to our aid; 'twas they our freedom won!"
Thus glory to His name shall flow from what your work has done;
And the anthems of our victory through countless ages ring,
From all the ransomed millions—Hosannah to our King!

No. 2.

Oppression's walls are bravely built; the towers are strong and high;
Well-sheltered 'neath time-honored laws the firm foundations lie.
The slave may groan beneath his chains, but can his sighs prevail?
Talk of his wrongs in every clime, yet what can words avail?

Of old, when near to Canaan's land the chosen Israel drew,
As strong the ancient city stood before his fainting view,
He brought not weapons formed for war; but when the trumpet's swell
Rose mingling with the people's shout, then the proud city fell!

And still, like arrows winged with fire, the words of truth are found
To wrap in flames the citadel which falsehood girdles round!
Talk louder, then, till every stone break from the tottering wall;
Talk louder, for your words have power to shake it till it fall!

Speak on, but not alone to man; let GOD your voices hear;
He wants to bless you with His aid, and lends his willing ear;
Plead at His throne His promises, (we strengthen as as we pray,)
That love and peace shall fill the earth, free as the light of day.

From stronger bands o'er freemen cast His grace and power can save,
And in one glorious freedom join the Master and the Slave;
Twine round the banner of the cross the olive branch of peace.
And while one soul in bondage lies, let not our labors cease.

What matter e'en through fruitless toil should all our years employ,
When every ransomed soul awakes new hymns of heavenly joy?
The sowers, at the harvest home, the reapers' gladness share;
While some must finish here the work, some swell the anthem there;
But all united in one bond, no time nor change can move—
The heritage of life divine—the Brotherhood of Love!

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* The above pieces are from the pen of Miss CATHARINE PRINGLE CRAIG, of Glasgow, Scotland—a young lady of high poetical reputation in the city of her residence—and were first published in connection with the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, recently held there. The readers of the *Era*, we doubt not, will admire alike the elegant versification and lofty sentiment of these poems; and not least the earnest, devotional spirit that pervades and sanctifies the whole. *

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

The readers of the *Era* will remember that, some time since, the Women of England, through the Duchess of Sutherland, sent an Address to their Sisters in America. Although this address was couched in respectful and commendable language, it was assailed with much bitterness by the Hunker presses, and that an acrimonious reply was published by Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler. We find in the *Evening Post* the subjoined reply, which will commend itself to the thoughtful and humane throughout the country. The *Post* says it is written by a lady "who is now over seventy years of age, and for the last thirty-five years has resided in the city of New Orleans;" that she is "one of the most respectable and influential ladies" in that city, and is "widely known for her unassuming piety and active benevolence."

As an indication of right feeling on the subject of Slavery, this letter is not without importance. *

TO THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AND OTHER WOMEN OF ENGLAND,

IN REPLY TO

"*The Affectionate and Christian Address of many thousands of Women of Great Britain and Ireland, to their Sisters, the Women of the United States of America.*"

I have been waiting and watching to see who would respond to this address, or whether it would not be communicated to us in a more formal manner, till, at length, my longing curiosity is satisfied by the appearance of the letter of Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler.

This comes from the right quarter. She holds the highest position—the wife of an Ex-President—that our Constitution will admit of, and may with perfect propriety take the lead in replying to the address of the women of England to the women of America on the subject of African slavery. It is happily, however, one of the beautiful features of our republican form of Government, that—without any conventional grant—we are individually sovereigns in matters of opinion, and may, with equal propriety, claim the same privilege of expressing them, that she is entitled to, with no other fears than the loss of popularity with those from whom we may be so unfortunate as to dissent.

Acting, then, upon these principles, I shall venture to advance sentiments that will conflict with some of my countrywomen's views. Nevertheless, I am urged on to do it by the sure knowledge that there are very many of them—I think I may truthfully say a majority—some Southern women—noble specimens—who feel with me a decided and unconquerable aversion to the system of slavery, as it exists in these Southern States, and who would wish so to be represented, and who are deeply grieved to see the favor it obtains, not only from those on whose hearts the spirit of Christianity has not operated, but from professed followers of Jesus Christ, a portion of whom sustain it, most lamentably so, because, they say, on Bible principles.

We, then, embracing such portions of my countrywomen as coincide with me in opinion on this subject of African slavery, acknowledge to have received your address in the same spirit of kindness in which we believe it was dictated. We do not believe that the "fingers of statesmen" guided it, or that political subtilty was its object. We are unwilling to attribute such unworthy motives to your husbands, fathers, or brothers, as to suppose that they would make you their willing dupes. We do believe that it was the honest dictation of sympathy for the sufferings and moral degradation of our slaves.

Had your communication to us embraced subjects touching our national rights, or touching the arrangements of any of our legitimate property, we would be found among the first to treat it with its merited scorn.

But the case in point is far otherwise. You have appealed to our sympathies in behalf of oppressed men, women, and children in slavery, who have been placed in it by cupidity, and are retained in it by the numbers that are interested in supporting it, with no other authority for it than what time has sanctioned. Such a state of things has been incorporated into a tangible, regularly licensed system, for the protection of the booty thus acquired and thus held, styled the "Southern Institution." This "Southern Institution," thus worked up of flesh and blood, has reached the dignity of a "political right," known more definitely as a Southern right, and is now being claimed as such, at the expense of the Union, by Southern people, to whom the Northern people succumb for office, even to the Presidency. As a nation, ladies, you are justly entitled to a large share of this guilt—the largest share of it, because you have fastened it on us. We appreciate your acknowledgment of it. Deeds have spoken it, as well as words. We also appreciate your hint of the enlightened age of the nineteenth century; for we do not believe in the doctrine, that we would have done right if we had not been admonished of doing wrong. We believe if the disposition exists to do right, that no misguided zeal of sympathizers would be able so easily to turn us from our purposes, (admitting it to be such;) such doctrine has been most successfully applied to the much-hated and contemned Abolitionists, to whom the slave owes his ameliorated condition. His physical condition has been much improved for the last twenty years. His spiritual condition is receiving some considerable attention from some quarters—with a strict guard upon his intellectual condition. We, who profess to wish their emancipation, are teaching them, as far as we can within limits of law—some few go beyond it—and we are aiming to treat them kindly.

We look to *Liberia* as the best home for them; but we do not prohibit any other, to which they would wish to go or stay. We here propose to those who favor the Liberian scheme for abolishing slavery, (of which we think most highly,) to let us see them put it in practice. Let them go immediately to work, and teach them, prepare them for Liberia, and send them away. Then we will believe in their sincerity. But, alas! while we can see from one of our broadest streets, suspended from the tops of the houses, across the street, a pennon, bearing in large letters this inscription—"TALBOT'S SLAVE DEPOT"—with the lower floor filled with men and women for sale—specimens of them at the doors—and the very high prices which these victims now command—we fear that Virginia and the other exporting States will send down more slaves for Talbot, than free men for Liberia.

We will ask Christians, politicians, mothers, North and South, to suspend ordinary thought for two minutes, and ask themselves the question, What does a "Southern right" mean? The process of thought will bring up the Constitution. Then think how a portion of the men who framed it objected to the clause, "Persons, bound to labor," &c., being inserted in it, but did consent to it, to cement the Union at that critical stage of our liberty's progress, because the owners of slaves would not make a compact without it. Think why the term "person" was used, instead of slave. Think, again, would our model man, our loved Washington, have sanctioned a fugitive slave law in 1853? He left all his slaves free in 1800, and provided means for them to be taught to read and write. Think, Northern or Southern mothers, how you would feel, to have a promising daughter of fifteen taken from you, and, when asked, "Where is she?" to be unable to say more than, "I don't know! After Master Tom took her away, he says he put her in the 'trader's yard,' and doesn't know where she was sold. I expect, to Red river." Or how would you feel, when the "negro trader" in Kentucky was gathering up his gang for the New Orleans market, to be put in it at a few hours' notice—to leave a little child or children—chained, if you resisted?

Such things are not the alleged fictions of Uncle Tom's Cabin. They are undeniable truths! and because they are truths, we ask you, Christians, politicians, mothers, to think of them. Ponder over them, and lend your aid to abolish so horrid a system, which we believe to be, from a personal knowledge with it, in almost all its phases, what Pitt said it was: "A mass, a system of enormities, which incontrovertibly bids defiance to any regulation which ingenuity can devise, or power effect, but a total extinction." While I write this, my thoughts reach to many scenes that would rival those delineated in Uncle Tom's Cabin—the truth of which delineations I dare not disavow, though romantically told. The very many exceptions of kind treatment which slaves receive from very many families—which I am too happy in acknowledging—is no excuse for Christians to sustain a system that puts it in the power of so many others, that are not disposed to treat them kindly, and who do treat them cruelly. Their physical sufferings, even then, are nothing compared to their moral degradation.

This question of slavery we do not consider to be a political one. It is a great moral question, that involves the highest principles of our Christian religion, and equally concerns you and us, and all nations of the globe. It is not a political question, whether a man shall be deprived of the fruits of his labor! whether he shall be denied the privilege to call his wife and children his own! whether he shall not be taught to read, under penalty of fine and imprisonment for the teacher! and, worst of all, whether he shall belong to himself! These are questions of high consideration for Christians to decide, and they are called upon to do it. And they can do it, if they will! One of our most eminent divines, who has written most ably an the subject, has said "that there is no power in the United States that could sustain slavery for an hour, if the church would not do it." When members of churches, elders, and ministers of the Gospel, not only own slaves, but sell slaves; when Christian editors of professedly religious newspapers—such as have the widest circulation at the South—fill their columns with the most bitter invectives against those who say anything against it, and will contrive to pick up, here and there, every little incident or fact that speaks favorably for it, are we not driven to such a conclusion? I can endure Christians owning slaves, because we are in the midst of slavery; but I cannot endure the fact of their selling them, justifying it, and doing nothing to get clear of it. A wrong once acknowledged, the business of righting it is half accomplished. Let every Christian slaveholder make a law for himself, that every female shall be free at twenty-one years of age, and every male at twenty-five. During their minority let them be taught to read, and whatever else that will fit them for taking care of themselves—then they will be fit subjects for Liberia, and let them be sent there.

I may be charged with not loving my country for writing this, that may perchance meet England's eye. I do not love my country less because I hate wicked deeds. My birthright of freedom was bequeathed to me by my father, who fought for it, and I love it most devotedly!

I love the principles for which we fought yours! I love our Declaration of Independence! I love our Constitution! but I do most deeply regret the clause (that was most reluctantly inserted by some of its framers) that has led to exacting the pound of flesh! Our aspirations for our country are, to see it stand out to the nations of the world a bright example of republican principles—which are Christian principles—untarnished by the foul blot of slavery. With such stamina to breast a foe, and such appliances as our industrious population have gathered up of wealth, intelligence, science, and intellectual vigor, spiced strongly with Anglo-American patriotism, it may proudly defy any of the monarchies of Europe that might wish to destroy it.

The retort, to look at home and take care of your own poor—with which animadversions on your address to us so copiously abound—might have been more courteously said; notwithstanding, it deserves attention. I am quite willing to think that, individually, you do so; but for your Government, ladies, I do not feel so charitably disposed: that is grasping, oppressive, conservative; guarding every avenue to wealth and power for one class, regardless of another; shrinking from giving any aid to struggling nations for freedom, though feelingly appealed to; supporting expensive armies out of the labor of the poor, with the bayonet ready to stop their mouths, should they complain too loudly; crippling the industrious classes by taxation, in whose keeping is the wealth of the kingdom, if they knew it, for labor is the capital of the kingdom; tacking on tariff after tariff, to make the rich richer and the poor poorer; and last, though not least, is the church monopoly. But, amidst all this mass of Parliamentary action for maintaining aristocratic power, there is one redeeming trait: you have made the indi[illegible] in the act of one man's making another man his property, and using him as such, to all intents and purposes, that marks it distinctly, and attaches to it the just opprobrium of meanness, selfishness, cruelty, and injustice.

In an extract from our new President's inaugural address, I see he is determined to support the "Southern right," and considers the "Compromise" a silencer of all further agitation. Farewell, then, to all hopes from the political world for the poor slave! But we will pick up courage, and not despair. We will turn our strength where man's determinations can be overruled. To this Almighty Power we will with confidence appeal. His wonder-working ways bring out wonderful results. The political defenders of slavery, in their zeal to strengthen and extend it, may be permitted to make some political mistake, that will operate in the same way that the annexation of Texas has done. The great champion of slavery (Calhoun) said, in a letter to Mr. King, our Minister at Paris, that "Texas must be annexed, or our Southern institution must fall." It was annexed, to the deep sorrow of many a well-wisher to the slave. The annexation brought the war with Mexico; that war brought California into the Union; then the question arose, "Slavery there, or no slavery?" This question brought out fairly before the public the discussion of its merits, which had cost the defenders of slavery years of hard struggling to keep down. Twistings, turnings, throwing under the table petitions, and all sorts of Congressional expedients, were resorted to for that object. Discussion, once afloat, with its rampant threatenings, found its partial quietus in the celebrated "Compromise," which gave back the escaped slave to bondage, and which, President Pierce thinks, ought to silence all further agitation on the subject.

We are not yet ready to think that we are in as deplorable a condition of sin and wretchedness as the Israelites were when Josiah said of them, "None calleth for justice, nor any pleadeth for truth." We will yet call for justice! and we will plead for truth!

And now, ladies, we will make an appeal to you. It is for your intercession that we, our husbands, fathers, and brothers, may all be directed so to think, on this great question of African slavery, as God would have us to think, and so act as God would have us to act. And in reference to your own country, where many things exist that we are unwilling to think that you approve of, we will most cordially unite with you in the same petition.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN.

THE CASE OF ONESIMUS.

To the Editor of the National Era:

DEAR SIR: As Onesimus has been dragged into the Halls of Congress by an honorable member, will you allow me to plead his cause?

Onesimus was the brother or servant of Philemon, perhaps both. For some reason he left his master's service, and went to Rome. There he was taken into the service of the Apostle Paul, and conducted so well, that he gained the confidence and secured the affection of that venerable man. Having occasion to send to the church at Colosse, the Apostle employed Tychicus, a beloved brother, and faithful minister, with Onesimus, a faithful and beloved brother, and a member of the church in that city, to transact his business.—*Col.* iv, 7–9. It would seem, that when this delegation appeared at Colosse, Philemon took exceptions, and charged Onesimus with wrong doing while in his employ. There was a difficulty, and the church could not settle it. Onesimus returned to Rome, and the Apostle would gladly have retained him about his person; but he knew that Philemon's feelings were disturbed, and that he claimed some compensation for a debt contracted, or loss he had sustained, and he resolved to have this difficulty settled. Accordingly he prepared a letter for Philemon, and directed Onesimus to return to Colosse with it. In this epistle he highly commends Onesimus, indirectly condemned Philemon for not receiving Onesimus with brotherly kindness before, and *requires* him to conduct in a different manner, and to receive him now, *not as a servant, but as a brother beloved, both in the flesh and in the Lord.* Paul might have enjoined upon Philemon that which was convenient in the case; but he had confidence in his Christian feelings, and chose to appeal to them with all the tenderness and affection of an aged Apostle. "I beseech thee, for my son Onesimus, whom I have sent *again.* Thou therefore *receive* him, that is, mine own bowels. *Not now, as a servant,* as you have done, *but above a servant, a brother beloved.*"

The point to be gained was to induce Philemon to receive and treat Onesimus *as a brother beloved, both in the flesh and in the Lord.* On this point Paul is explicit and *mandatory.* The language is *imperative,* and admitted of no evasion. This is the *pith* of the whole epistle, and shows beyond all dispute that Paul would not allow Philemon, under any pretence, to receive and treat his brother Onesimus as a servant, in any respect. Philemon must receive and treat Onesimus as he would the Apostle himself.

That point being settled, Paul bound himself to pay all the pecuniary demands which Philemon was disposed to make. Charity forbids us to believe that Philemon ever made any demand on the Apostle for any debt which Onesimus had contracted. The whole affair was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. Paul does not admit or deny Philemon's charge against Onesimus; but reminds him that he had some claims upon him, and then left him to bring forward his demand when he pleased. Did Philemon ever present his bill? I should like to see it.

Admitting that Philemon, while a heathen, did hold his brother in servitude, as heathen have often done, Paul requires him *now to treat him in a very different manner.* He had before said in his public epistle to the church at Colosse—"Masters, give unto your servants that which is *just and equal;*" and he now sends a letter *mandatory, and requires* Philemon, a leading member in the church, to receive a servant, who had, for some reason, left, "*not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved.*" The point insisted upon was, that the old master should now receive and treat his former servant, (slave, if you please,) "*not as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved.*"

How do slaveholding churches regard this apostolic rule? I should like to know. There is a day coming, when all their conduct will be known, and God will plead the cause of the oppressed.

SENEX.

WHIG PRINCIPLES.—The Whig candidate for Congress in the Richmond district, Virginia, at a recent public discussion, said: "*I am anti-bank, anti-tariff, anti-internal improvement by the General Government, and anti-distribution of the proceeds of the public lands.*"

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1853.

The following named gentlemen are authorized agents for the cities of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston:

Lewis J. Bates, 48 Beekman street, New York.
William Alcorn, No. 826 Lombard street, Phila.
G. W. Light, No. 3 Cornhill, Boston.

By an unlucky oversight, the manuscript of Mr. Goodloe's book was not handed to the printer previous to Dr. Bailey's departure, which will account for the non-appearance of a portion of it in this number of the *Era.* Its publication will be resumed next week. *

We learn from New York that Dr. BAILEY and his lady sailed in the Baltic on Saturday, in good health and spirits. *

NEGRO INTELLECT.—ELLIS AND DOUGLASS, AND UNCLE TOM.

Chambers' Journal thinks it finds, in the "learned black blacksmith," Harrison W. Ellis, a living character and an actual history that parallels and justifies Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom. We see little or nothing of correspondence between these respective instances of historic and fictitious renown. Uncle Tom is a slave, of unmixed African blood, who learned, "somehow or other," to read the Bible, received its teachings in perfect simplicity of heart, without compromise or accommodation, put the practicability of its precepts to the proof of experience, illustrated its divine morality in his life, and died in the strength and for the sake of its truth. The Rev. H. W. Ellis was also a slave, of pure African blood, (his grandfather was an imported Mandingo,) of good repute for piety, very patient and persistent in spirit and purpose under such disabilities as his condition imposed, but without any strong marks of the religious enthusiast or moral hero in his history. He is a prodigy of learning; but we see none of the points which make Uncle Tom a problem or pattern, according as thinkers have more or less faith in his possibility. For our own part, he is a very real personage to us; and, moreover, not nearly so uncommon as he seems to be regarded. Fiction seldom presents such characters, but they are frequent, and even familiar, in experience, if we had but the insight to discern them. They abound among women and slaves. Thousands of such lives are passing unrecognised, and their deaths are unhappily lost to the use of which they are capable, because the observers will not and cannot know them. We do not think it too much to say that every family affords an example, at least once in a century; for Christianity is *not* an impracticable thing. When all the early deaths which we witness are accounted for, and our own agency in them is understood, Uncle Tom will not be so singular as he is now to our stupidity of head and heart. It is in the family, where love and the sense of duty hold so strong a rule, that the patience and faith of the saints is most manifest. The slave, where he has the moral and physical temperament of Uncle Tom, is, in effect, of the family, and has his whole life governed by its sentiment. If he had been presented as the devotee of a doctrine, the public missionary of a faith, and had voluntarily dedicated his life and at last sacrificed it for the world, receiving his death at the hand of strangers, he would have been that truly wonderful and rarest of men, a Christian martyr. We do not write him down commonplace, but it is sad to know that he is regarded as so wonderful and so worthy that his possibility is generally doubted. The sympathy which his story awakens would be still more serviceable to humanity if it were applied as widely as is required, to correct the wrongs and mitigate the sufferings of common life. The Book is making the tour of the world. By the time it shall be "known and read of all men," somebody will be found to explain it deeper, it may be, even than its own author comprehends it. We venture to predict that a different style of heroism will be demanded, before the black race shall be redeemed from chattel slavery in this country. Patient and pious endurance is not the sort of metal that blunts the edge of tyranny; nor is physical resistance, the heroism of blood, an allowable or promising scheme of self-emancipation for our slaves. Ellis and Douglass, and their like, are more nearly the pattern men after which the caste may be moulded into freemen.

The story of Mr. Ellis, as it is gathered from authentic documents by *Chambers' Journal,* presents such points as these. He was born in Pittsylvania county, Virginia, and was sold, first into Tennessee, and afterwards into Alabama. At the age of nine years he formed the purpose of learning to read, principally in order that he might be able to peruse the Bible. He had observed that ministers, in preaching, always read from the Bible, and spoke of it as being the WORD OF GOD. The Word of God! The idea made a vivid impression upon him—such, doubtless, as we remember to have felt in our own childhood, when we first encountered the amazing declaration, in the Book of Job, that "God answered him out of the whirlwind, and said." It might well arouse a thoughtful boy to such exertion as would open the wonders of such a book to his eyes. The lad had the matter of a great manhood in him. He had the susceptibility of genius, and against such there is no law and no impediment. At twenty-five he was still a slave, and laboring for his master at the trade of a blacksmith. He had read several books, principally on religious subjects; something in these readings put him upon the study of the Latin language. He had no regular instruction, but received, it is stated, "some little assistance from one person and another, as casual opportunities afforded it."

Except for the lack of sufficient leisure, it does not appear that the difficulties in his way were greater than have happened in the lives of many distinguished scholars, whose achievements are currently recorded in the history of men of letters. He was a slave, indeed; but the thirst of the intellect, like that of the appetites, is but little helped or hindered by ultimate considerations. Genius finds its motives and ends in itself. After acquiring some knowledge of Latin, he undertook the study of Greek, and subsequently of Hebrew. He was all this while a slave, and regularly at work at his anvil. He also read and studied some authors on natural science and moral philosophy, but his reading was chiefly confined to religious books—such as Dwight, Dick, and Boston.

In 1846, the two Synods of Alabama and Mississippi combined to purchase his freedom, and that of his family, (a wife and two children,) with the view of sending him to Africa, under the care of the American Board of Missions. He was introduced at the Tuscaloosa Presbytery, as a candidate for clerical orders, and was afterwards ordained by the Synod of Alabama. His examination was eminently satisfactory. At this time, the notice states that his wife, about his own age, could read; his son, about seventeen, could read and write, and had made some progress in the study of arithmetic, geography, and other branches of school learning. The daughter, eleven years old, had just commenced learning to read. The opportunities of the children were only such as the casual intervals of their own and their father's labor afforded them. The whole family was purchased by the two Synods, for $2,500; and in March, 1847, they went, with a party of emigrants to the colony of Liberia. In 1848, Mr. Ellis was pastor of a Presbyterian congregation in Monrovia. He was then studying the languages of two tribes of the natives, in order to preach to them in their own tongue. He had visited the Mandingo country, in which he was claimed as a countryman. In a letter to an American friend, he describes these people. They are Mohammedans, and some of their priests are intelligent—capable of reading Hebrew, when written in the Arabic character. In 1850, he says, in answer to certain inquiries propounded to him by a gentleman of Alabama: "The children of Liberia are exactly like the white children in America; and, as this part of our community have the best opportunity to equal the corresponding part in America, their equality can be better seen. Remarkable as white children in America are, old persons (slaves) had not the opportunity of seeing much of it where we came from; so that many think our children have more penetrating minds than those of America. This supposition arose out of the above mentioned circumstance; but it is not well founded. The fact is, if there be any difference, it is in this: Perhaps the Liberia children learn as fast, if not faster, for the first few years; but it may be that the young Americans continue their mental improvement the longest. I think—though there may be circumstances by which we shall be able, after a while, to account better for the facts just alluded to—I think it most probable that the lambs stop eating because the shepherds get out of corn."

Mr. Ellis was between thirty and forty years of age when he was appointed missionary to Africa; and his remarkable attainments in languages, and very clever progress in literature and theology, had all been made before that period, in such leisure as the life of a slave mechanic allowed him.

Of his examination at the Presbytery, a competent witness says: "I believe I utter the sentiments of the whole Presbytery, and of a large assembly present, when I say, that for precision on the details of religious experience; for sober, rational views of what constitutes a call to the ministry; for sound, consistent, scriptural views of the leading doctrines of the Gospel, few candidates for the office have been known to equal him. He read a sermon of his own composition, correct in language, forcible in style, logical in argument, and abounding in pertinent quotations from the Bible. All this looked strange, incredible, from one who had been all his life a slave, *with none but the ordinary privileges of a slave.*"

Of his quality as a blacksmith, his money value as a slave, the general treatment experienced from his several masters, and his feelings and opinions about the institution, nothing is given in the notice before us. He is quoted only as saying that he "strove to make himself agreeable and happy in this condition, and counselled all his brethren to submission." What else he counsels, or would counsel if he were absolutely free in his position and office, we have no information. Expatriated as he is, and bound to the service of the pulpit among the heathen of Africa, it is of little consequence what he thinks or says upon the subject of slavery; his life is full enough of instruction to answer for him. He is another and a most unequivocal demonstration of the capacity of the black man for the culture and conditions of high civilization; and a plain proof, moreover, that when a slave comes up to the fashion pattern of a man, he gets too big for his shackles, and bursts them. Skill as a mechanic, and attainments in scholarship, both tend alike, though in unequal degree, to emancipation. They are available in the assertion of manhood, and the vindication of its rights. Piety, as in the case of Uncle Tom, and apparently in that of the Reverend Ellis, is capable of being prostituted in the service of slavery. Because it acts upon the life mainly as a sentiment, it can be perverted into a sort of spiritual and moral handcuff, and made to answer the master as a restraint upon natural liberty. Ellis, his wife, and two children, were purchased for $2,500. This may have been much below their market value. When every slave in Virginia is really worth $5,000 in available faculties for the world's work and use, they will own themselves, and the system will be at an end by a clear financial necessity. That man is too cheap for a freeman who can be raised for much less than $1,000. The animal can be held in bondage easily enough, and, while he remains so, neither law nor gospel can emancipate him in fact; but when his educational enhancement will rent for three or four hundred a year, he is free by the sheer force of his acquired manhood.

Beyond all measure, therefore, we regard Mr. Ellis as a better case for the freedom of his race than any Uncle Tom that the South can produce, or Mrs. Stowe can imagine. Her hero is a model *slave,* and will answer as a safe precedent and example on the plantation. Read his story to a coffle of negroes, and every enthusiast among them, that nature made noble and poetical, will be inspired with the spirit of self-sacrifice and submission. They will be fit for slavery, as well as for heaven. Mr. Ellis was not fit for a slave, and could not be kept one.

Frederick Douglass was also born a slave, and for years entertained the religion of submission; but, happily, he apostatized, and escaped alive. He also, in a most eminent sense, was fitter to be a man than a slave, and it was not in Southern law, Northern prejudice, or sentimental gospel, to crush the soul out of him. Cut Uncle Tom out of the *Cabin,* and his story might be read to a slave insurrection, instead of the riot act; but a speech or a look from Douglass would have a very different effect. It will be long before the life and adventures of the latter will get as free circulation in the South as is absolutely accorded to the history of the former.

Depending upon the *Tribune* for our information, we are free to declare that, of all the speeches made at the late New York anniversaries, not one approaches that delivered before the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society by Frederick Douglass, in any quality which distinguishes men and thinkers from each other upon the platform. Such a demonstration of fitness for freedom, and all the offices of civil life and business, is worth much more for the cause of emancipation than all the sacrifices which submission can make to the spirit of masterdom. Let us have more blacksmiths, scholars, orators, philosophers, and natural noblemen of the race. We have victims enough already, and sympathy for suffering will be most profitably replaced by admiration for invincible magnanimity. It is the real evil of the negro race that they are so fit for slavery as they are, and so often admirable for their patience, contentment, and fidelity. It would be better for them and for the world, if they would more vigorously *work* out their salvation from bondage here, according to the world's standard of requirement, than content themselves, as they are so prone to do, with providing for a salvation that is to take effect after death. Religion is the highest truth and the supreme influence of human nature. The religion of the Cross, beyond any other, emancipates the life from the control of earth, but it is often only the worship of sorrow; and because it serves so well to die by, men are but too likely to forget that it is really intended to live by. Douglass has the worthier apprehension of it, and we would not exchange him for a thousand martyrs of the plantation.

E.

THE LASH AND THE KNOUT.

"What communion hath light with darkness? What part hath he that believeth with an infidel?"

St. Paul may have thought that he had dead-locked the compromisers of his day, who proposed to yoke diametrical opposites in the bonds of matrimony; but the editor of the *Daily Union* finds no difficulty at all in the way of such nuptials. In his leader of the 19th of May, which we copied in last week's *Era,* he says, "The Governments of Russia and the United States are based upon antagonist principles; but their relations have ever been of the most amicable kind. * * * And we have every reason to believe that the United States and Russia will consolidate and perpetuate their friendly relations by the same just and pacific policy which has regulated their intercourse in times past." "It was the *dream,*" says our editorial mediator between light and darkness, "of the Persian mythology, that the spirits of good and evil waged a perpetual struggle for the ascendency over man;" and he might have added, that it was the *vision* of St. John the Revelator, that "Michael and his angels fought with the Dragon and his angels," and of the inspired authors of the Christian system generally, that the devil is an active and uncompromising enemy of God and man; but, continues the *Union,* demonstrating the historical and practical harmony of Despotism and Democracy, "President Jackson, in an official message, spoke of Russia as 'our ancient and steadfast friend.' Mr. Jefferson, radical Democrat as he was, enjoyed and reciprocated the ardent esteem of the Emperor Alexander; and, strange as it may seem to theorists of the 'Ormuzd and Ahriman' school, this chivalrous Emperor entertained an admiration for American institutions." The chivalric institutions, doubtless; for the instance given in proof is that "it was by his arbitration that the citizens of the South got indemnity for the slaves which were kidnapped by the British in the last war."

The article is written to controvert the doctrine of a book entitled the "War of Ormuzd and Ahriman," "in which the author affects to regard the United States and Russia as the respective champions of the principle of Liberty and the principle of Despotism, and to foresee in the distant future a mighty and decisive conflict between these puissant combatants in the great drama of human history." This fundamental idea of the book is pronounced an absurd fiction.

Another *idea,* not confined to the author under review, but quite common among the enthusiasts of freedom and democratic theorists, such as the author of the Declaration of Independence and its disciples all over the world, is treated as an equal absurdity; to wit, that "the theoretical perfection of governmental principles implies their practical fitness for man in every condition." The notion that all men are created free and equal is only an empty rhetorical flourish; for, "persons who reason in this way may regard the Government of Russia as an unmixed evil, but, when we consider the peculiar condition, (that is, their actual enslavement,) and wants of the Russian people, (their need of masters,) and their aggregate of individual and national happiness, (being, like other *peculiar* people, better off than if they were free,) we well conclude that they are not so much the victims of oppression as such writers as the author of 'Ormuzd and Ahriman' would represent."

Again, in so many words, direct and unqualified, we have it laid down, for every needed application of the principle, that "the Government of Russia may be a despotism, (the *may be* is always used, either to soften the severity of the epithet, or to express the editor's indifference about the fact in any such case,) and for that reason abhorrent to the *notions* (another bitter-sweet expression,) of republicans; but its effect upon the subject people establishes its fitness for them." Take that, Messrs. Kossuth, Mazzini, Blum, Meagher, and Uncle Tom; and recollect that it is a legal and logical presumption of the Democratic code, that every man born in bondage is rightfully a slave, and that the Declaration of Independence is not a general "freedom paper" for every man who chooses to claim the inalienable rights which it avouches. It is not the mission of republican America to countenance and encourage the struggling nations of the earth in their rebellions against despotism, either by opinion or intervention, but to fraternize with "chivalric Emperors," and "consolidate and perpetuate our friendly relations with them," at least, until they are overturned, and then, to claim the glory of spreading the blessings of civil and religious liberty by the light of our example!

The Russian Government is glorified by our oracle of Democracy for the colossal growth of its territory within the last century; for the stability and efficiency of its rule over its own subjects; for their contentment under its absolutism; for its preponderance among the Powers of the Old World; for the "energy of will, honesty of purpose, and force of genius" of its Autocrats; and, generally, for all its successes in the history of the last century; moreover, it is to its quality of absolute monarchy that the credit is given for bringing up the nation from the depths of barbarism into the "front rank of civilization!"

Nothing but admiration is excited in the breast of the editor by a review of the Russian successes in arms and diplomacy, while it has been striding over the continent, from one acquisition of foreign dominion to another.

This history comprises certain incidents which, we think, have given the Cossack a character pretty well settled, as well as a fame for military success and territorial extension. In 1794, for instance, he robbed Poland of Lithuania, and gave the remainder of that gallant nation to Austria and Prussia, after butchering 500,000 of her patriotic defenders. Suwarrow is remembered for the slaughter of 30,000 of the citizens of Warsaw, of all ages and conditions, in cold blood; and Kosciusko had an unfortunate experience of the genius and power of "our ancient and steadfast friend." In 1832, Poland was again "re-annexed" to Russia, and declared by an ukase of the Emperor Nicholas an integral part of the Empire. In 1846, he extinguished the Republic of Cracow with fire and sword; and in 1848 his intervention in the affairs of Hungary crushed out her liberties, and violated the laws of nations, to the disgrace of the world that permitted it, and the enduring injury of the rights and hopes of humanity. For all this the organ of the Administration, and the Autocrat of the Democratic press of these United States, has no other sentiment than unbounded admiration! He goes further, and declares "the destruction of Moscow, the most heroic display of unconquerable patriotism which history records!" Bunker Hill, Concord, Lexington, and Yorktown, stand eclipsed in the light of that great conflagration, and the Northern Alexander overshadows the renown of Washington!

Not a few of our exchanges contain protests and disavowals by followers of the dominant faith, who fear or dislike to be implicated in the *Union's* adoration of Russian despotism; and the Opposition prints are out upon it in full cry. Some of them profess to doubt that it speaks "by authority" of the Administration, and others call upon President Pierce and his Cabinet to repudiate the organ, and relieve themselves of the responsibility which results from the involvement of their present relations. We trust that the Government will take early measures to escape from the implied endorsement.

Such things have been said too often already; some things have been done, and others left undone, that look too much like the practical adoption of these doctrines, to allow us to look upon their open avowal without apprehension of serious mischief. Besides, the existence of Slavery among us, requiring defence and justification, and in condition to sustain every specious falsehood upon which despotism rests, gives an alarming aid to the progress of an erroneous philosophy.

Five years ago, John C. Calhoun was permitted, almost without dissent, to say in the Senate of the United States, that there is not a word of truth in the proposition that all men are created free and equal. Another Carolinian authority declared before the world that Slavery is the corner-stone of republican institutions. Southern Churchianity, with no little concurrence from the affiliated divinity of the North, defends oppression by the Bible; the two great political parties of the country have recently merged all their differences for the sake of maintaining the monstrous fallacy in the Administration of our Government; the powers that be are pledged to it; and three-fourths of the educational agencies of the country are openly on the side of the principle.

The friends of universal freedom have long been in the habit of driving home the doctrines of the *Union* as the legitimate issue of our system of Chattel Slavery; but we feel nothing of triumph in the demonstration of their reasonings. It was better to have the labor of the proof, than to be met by an open confession, and confronted with a justification. Disobedience of a truth is not so bad as its blasphemy. There is mischief in the utterance of a profane thought, that greatly transcends that of merely entertaining but hiding it. Hypocrisy pays some tribute to the mask which it wears; and it is a bad day for our country when the official mouth-pieces of its Government may openly assail the principles upon which it is founded.

E.

FOREIGN MINISTERS, ETC.

In another column will be found the list of foreign appointments made by the new Administration. Some of the appointees, it is understood, will decline. The names, with some exceptions, are those of men heretofore unknown to fame in the political world, though we hope they will worthily represent the people of the United States in the countries to which they are accredited. The *Evening Post* remarks, with much *naivete* that the President "could hardly have chosen an equal number of prominent men, whose absence would be less seriously felt than those whose names" are on this list. This is rather a left-handed compliment.

We are pleased to see that the press is speaking out on the subject of the servility and flunkeyism displayed by our representatives at foreign courts, in conforming to the court etiquette prescribed by despotic powers. The court-dress is a tawdry uniform, a relic of a barbarous age, which the representatives of the sovereignty of the people will honor their country more by ceasing to wear than by its display. The appointees of the last Administration exhibited sufficient contempt for the people, without aping the court-dress of *effete* and worn-out monarchies. The *Tribune* calls upon the President to reform all this, and to issue a strict order to all our functionaries abroad, forbidding them to wear liveries on public and official occasions. Such an order would meet with the plaudits of the people, who are justly proud of the example of Franklin at the French court, in refusing to wear a prescribed uniform. Our Government exhibits republican simplicity at home—the President dresses like any other citizen—why should not the same simplicity characterise the dresses of our representatives at foreign courts? Let it been seen abroad as well as at home that our officials are not dependent upon their dress for their influence, and thus will our country receive the respect and esteem of foreigners. *

THE MISSISSIPPI FREE TRADER, published at Natchez, has for its motto, "Hearts resolved and hands prepared, the blessings they enjoy to guard." In its issue of the 10th instant it has an article upon Mexico, in which the editor says that, "It was a dreadful mistake both for Mexico and this country, that the opportunity which offered towards the close of the war, was not used to seize the whole country." In another article, upon the repudiation of the Union Bank bonds by the State of Mississippi, it opposes the recommendation of the *New Orleans Bulletin,* "to go to work and make provision for the redemption of the bonds, in order that, by a renewed credit abroad, we should be able to borrow money, to help the building of the New Orleans and Northern Railroad;" first, because the people of the State in 1841, upon a full hearing, decided that the bonds were illegal and unconstitutional, and were not binding upon them; and second, because the proposed railroad is not an interest of Mississippi, but of Louisiana and New Orleans, and "will have the effect of draining the whole length of the State into New Orleans." Such benefit as this to be derived from the restoration of the State's credit abroad, is not a sufficient reward for the honesty which would command the payment of eight millions of public debt. Mississippi will wait until she can make a better speculation upon her reputation, before she consents to re-purchase the jewel of a good name so dearly.

We suggest to the *Free Trader* an appropriate change of name and motto. Say *Mississippi Free Booter* for the one, and let the other read, "Hearts resolved and hands prepared, the blessings we enjoy to *spread.*" This will cover both the case of the repudiated bonds, and the absorption of Mexico. "The people of the *world,* upon a full hearing," will approve the amendment. Let it be made accordingly.

E.

"Can storied urn or animated bust,"
O'errule the justice of the coming age?

The Massachusetts Legislature has a resolution in progress for the erection of a monument to Daniel Webster, which requires an appropriation of $10,000. By the proceedings of the 17th instant, it appears that a motion to reconsider the vote in the lower House, ordering the resolution to a third reading, was lost by a majority of five—yeas, 114; nays, 119; absent or dodging, 55. The measure thus far stands upon the support of a minority of the whole House of no less than 60 votes. From the remarks of the *Commonwealth,* we infer that the Senate has not yet acted upon the resolution. The honors of Mr. Webster's life had the same character; they rested upon minorities and were very expensive. We think that the subject ought to be referred to posterity. They will reconsider this third reading at any rate, and they might consider the marble an impertinence, when they come to make up a just judgment.

E.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN AT THE SOUTH.

The book of Mrs. Stowe is still doing its work as a missionary of Christianity and Humanity. It is read at the South, and indications multiply of its good influence. The Atalanta (Georgia) *Republican* comments on its fairness, and says, "The book has more of the spirit of the missionary than of the abolitionist." A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post,* under date of "———, Alabama, May 8th," writes:

"I have just finished a perusal of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I read every word to my wife. I will not attempt to describe to you her feelings. She is an Alabamian; I, a Virginian, by birth. We are slaveholders. The moment the steamer with George Harris and Eliza his wife touched the Canada shore, three shouts for liberty, to the tops of our voices, rent the air.

"Every man, woman, and child, white and black, in the Southern States, can bear testimony to the truth of the portrait which Mrs. Stowe, God bless her! has drawn of slavery. One of not the least excellences of the book is, that a Christian, of the highest style, standing side by side with Wilberforce and Mrs. Hannah More, leads the reader by the hand through the habitations of cruelty that lie before our eyes. He or she can then draw a contrast between the Christian and a mistress and mother, who was some years since a near neighbor of mine, who owned a little negro girl. She would heat the tongs, and pull the flesh off her body with them.

"I durst affirm, that if his Satanic majesty were put upon his *voir dire,* he would confess that slavery is one of the works of the devil which Christ was manifested in the flesh to destroy."

The *Christian Advocate* published at San Francisco, California, offers a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin to every new subscriber to the *Advocate,* whereupon the wrath of the editor of the *Democratic State Journal* is fiercely kindled at this outrage upon public sentiment, and characterizes the offer as "infamous." He "cannot speak upon the subject with patience," and belches forth epithets like a very drab. We venture the assertion that the author of the article in the *Journal* is a Northern man. *

FREE DEMOCRACY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Potter County.—A mass meeting was held at Coudersport on the 17th May, and elected H. J. Olmstead and John S. Mann as delegates to the State Convention.

An Executive Committee of seven was chosen, for the purpose of calling meetings, distributing documents, and perfecting organization, viz: John S. Mann, Chairman; W. C. Butterworth, H. S. Heath, J. B. Wentworth, A. F. Jones, M. Ostrander, and N. Clark.

Suitable resolutions were adopted.

Allegheny County.—A convention was held at the court-house, at Pittsburgh, on the 26th May, and organized by electing Aaron Floyd President; Chas. W. Benny and James Reed, Vice Presidents; and Wm. E. Stevenson and James Colin, Secretaries. Neville B. Craig and twelve others were appointed delegates to the State Convention, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we approve the principles avowed by the National, State, and County Conventions of 1852; and, under the banner they cast to the breezes, will fight on and fight ever for Free Men, Free Land, Free Speech, Free Schools, and a Free Press; and in opposition to physical and religious Slavery, Land Monopoly, Gag Laws, and all other devices for the oppression of mankind.

The Convention proceeded to nominate a county ticket, when the following were nominated:

For President Judge of District Court—Thos. H. McConnell.
For State Senate—Wm. E. Stevenson.
For Prosecuting Attorney—Wm. M. Shinn.
For Assembly—Aaron Floyd, Bruce Tracey, Wm. P. Forree, Chas. W. Benny, A. H. Burns.
For Commissioner—Edward Allen.
For Auditor—James Swisshelm.

The Convention recommended liberal subscriptions to *Facts for the People,* and such weekly publications in Allegheny county as are friendly to Free Democracy.

Crawford County.—The Free Democracy of this county have nominated the following ticket:

Assembly—Leonard Rood, Howell Powell; *Associate Judge*—John Gould; *Commissioner*—Sylvester Wilder; *Treasurer*—Thomas S. Minnies; *Surveyor*—L. W. Thickaturn.

Beaver County.—The Free Democrats met at New Brighton on the 24th May. John Watson presided; J. P. Reed, Secretary. Jos. Smith, Thos. Barker, James Wilson, and Silas Merrick, were chosen delegates to the State Convention.

A resolution, that the organization of the Free Democracy, although regarded as "unhealthy," still retains sufficient vitality to be at the polls in October next, was passed.

Dauphin County.—A County Convention was held at Harrisburg, May 26. Dr. Wm. Hartze presided. Suitable resolutions were adopted, an Executive Committee was appointed, and the following named delegates to the State Convention, which was to meet at Harrisburgh yesterday:

Charles C. Rawn, Mordecai McKinney, Dr. Wm. Houtze, Myron T. Hughson, Dr. Jacob G. Wiestling, Dr. Wm. W. Rutherford, Jos. Gray, Archibald Wieting.

Our friends in Pennsylvania are organizing for the work, and we trust that they will be successful. An effort is also being made to establish an organ of the Free Democracy at the seat of government. *

WASHINGTON AFFAIRS.—The President has appointed Col. J. G. Berret Postmaster of this city. New appointments have been made in the Patent Office, in place of nine clerks, removed. S. T. Shugert has been appointed Chief Clerk, vice R. C. Weightman. T. R. Gale, examiner, vice Renwick, resigned.

Two fires occurred on Saturday night, evidently the work of incendiaries. *

LITERARY NOTICES.

LLORENTE'S HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN. Three volumes in one. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. For sale by Gray & Ballantyne, Washington, D. C.

This is one of the cheap editions, which have little attraction to us to buy; but we are glad that this book is issued in this cheap form, that it may be had by those to whom the larger edition would be, from its cost, a sealed book. Llorente's History ought to be read by the Protestant and Catholic citizens of this country; for it is certain that, should the priests of Rome ever obtain the ascendency in this country, the Inquisition would be introduced to induce that conformity for which—so says the "*Shepherd of the Valley,*" so says Brownson in his *Quarterly Review*—the church is bound to labor, and, at all hazards, secure. *

THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné. New York: Carter & Brothers. One volume—containing volumes 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5—pp 867. For sale by Gray & Ballantyne, Washington, D. C.

This last volume (volume five) has been long looked for. It has been long delayed. The subject treated of in these pages is the History of the Church of Christ in Great Britain, and it is brought down to the death of Cardinal Wolsey. It would have been more satisfactory to have had the History of the Reformation in England completed; but it is a matter of extreme delicacy for a foreigner to write the religious history of England, and the lower down the narrative comes, the more likely is it to be impugned by rival sects and church establishments. In style, this volume is equal to those which have preceded it. It is lively, and full of anecdote. No one but Macaulay has approached D'Aubigné in imparting dramatic interest to the historic page. We hope all Protestants will deem it a duty to be familiar with this History of the Reformation. *

THE MARTYRS, HEROES, AND BARDS, OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANT. By George Gilfillan. N. York: Carter & Brothers. 1 vol., pp. 264. For sale by Gray & Ballantyne, Washington, D. C.

The history of the Covenant and Covenanters has been made familiar to all the world by the genius of Sir Walter Scott; but his narrative has never satisfied "the children of the Covenant;" and we have here the sober tale told by one who regards this Covenant as the corner-stone of his country's greatness, and the contest by which it was upheld and maintained as one of the most glorious, in its principles and results, the world has ever witnessed. *

ON MIRACLES. By Ralph Wardlaw, D. D. N. York. Carter & Brothers. 1 vol., pp. 295. For sale by Gray & Ballantyne, Washington, D. C.

This work is seasonable. It is not a new thing for miracles to be questioned, but there are new ways of doing this; and if the arguments of *Hume* are forever settled, those of *Strauss,* and other rationalists of the present day, are to be met, as they have been, most successfully, by *Neander* and other great theologians, in Germany and out of Germany. And Doctor Wardlaw has devoted the concluding chapter of this work to these new doubts of these latest of skeptics. The Christian religion has heretofore triumphed over all the assaults of adversaries, and we have no fears but that champions will always be at hand, whose labors shall conduce to the advancement and establishment of the cause of God and Truth. *

THE COURSE OF FAITH; or, The Practical Believer Delineated. By John Angell James. New York: Carter & Brothers. For sale by Gray & Ballantyne, Washington, D. C.

Mr. James is one of the most popular writers upon subjects illustrative of practical piety. This work is founded upon the homiletical writings of Doctor Manton, one of the great divines ejected from the pulpit in 1662, for non-conformity to the Church of England. In this work Mr. James has sought to present the great principle of *Spiritual Life.* There is such a thing; and without it, all profession of religion is mere matter of taste and sentiment. We hope this work may equal in popularity those from his pen heretofore reprinted in this country. It merits a wider circulation than any one of its predecessors, for it is a work of greater power and of greater moment. *

THE KATHAYAN SLAVE, and other Papers connected with Missionary Life. By Emily Judson. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

The sufferings and sorrows of Mrs. Judson have detracted none of the warm-heartedness, sweetness, and geniality, which everybody used to love in Fanny Forrester; but the scope of her vision seems to have widened under her Indian experience. The charming vivacity, the peculiar lightness and gaiety of spirit, which used to mingle with the pathos of her stories, is now made subservient, if it is not wholly sacrificed, to the more serious and weightier elements of her nature; still, she is essentially the same now as then, only stronger and more earnest in degree. The volume before us is composed of essays, stories, and poems—all, as stated in the title, descriptive of, or relating to, her missionary life. Some of the first are replies to review and newspaper strictures upon the policy of foreign missions, and are forcible and pungent, if not strictly logical, arguments in favor of the system. The poems and stories bespeak a vigorous activity of the old characteristics: there is a pleading pathos running through some of them, which one's heart cannot close itself against. *

THE LION'S SKIN, and THE LOVER HUNT. By Chas. de Bernard. New York: Redfield. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

A pair of lively, piquant stories, partaking largely, in subject and treatment, of the spirit of the land in which they are located. The first cleverly illustrates the distinctions between bravado, courage, and temerity. The second shows up the Parisian consequences of a marriage between a studious, thoughtful man, and a young, beautiful, and frivolous woman; and shows, also, how such consequences may be circumvented: provided the parties possess as much heart, wit, and good sense, as our hero and heroine. *

THOUGHTS ON THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS. By Mrs. Anna C. Lowell. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

The "Thoughts" which compose this little volume are the result of the author's experience as a teacher, and evidence sound sense, earnest feeling, and a true desire to remedy the present imperfect and inadequate system of education, which custom has established for girls. *

HOME SCENES. A Family Story. By Amanda Weston. Syracuse: L. C. Matlack.

A simple, unpretending little story, illustrating, with more earnestness and feeling than art, a series of every-day domestic scenes. Many of the pictures are naturally and happily drawn, but the chief merit of the book is in its spirit. *

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. April, 1853. For sale by Taylor & Maury.

Article 1 furnishes a pleasant feast for antiquaries, being an elaborate review of the history of the ancient barony of Castle Combe, as compiled by George Poulett Scrope, M. P., the present heritor, from the original manuscript; article 2 is a dissertation upon the varieties and peculiarities of the human hair, in which many curious facts are stated, and many foolish theories exploded; article 3, the Old Countess of Desmond; article 4, Hungarian Campaigns—Kossuth and Görgei; article 5, Search for Sir John Franklin; article 6, Buckingham Papers; &c., &c.

Electro-Physiology. A Scientific, Popular, and Practical Treatise on the Prevention, Causes, and Cure, of Disease, &c. By Dr. Gershom Huff. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by R. Farnham, Washington, D. C.

This is a most excellent book, and one that we hope will be extensively and carefully read. It treats plainly and simply, yet scientifically, upon the multitudinous types of disease and deformity that are daily to be met with everywhere. The author has for years been distinguished in New York for his successful treatment of nervous diseases, by the application of electro-galvanism; and a large portion of this volume is devoted to a record of his experience. *

Appleton's Mechanics' Magazine. May, 1853. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The present number maintains the high reputation which this magazine has held from the first. It contains twenty articles upon various interesting mechanical subjects. *

How Books are made.—The Philadelphia *Register*, in the following paragraph, indicates the disreputable means sometimes resorted to by book publishers to make money:

Uncle Sam's Emancipation, and other sketches. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. With a sketch of Mrs. Stowe's family. Willis P. Hazard, 178 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

This is a neat octavo of 124 pages. We were surprised, on opening it, to find that nearly one fourth of the volume is taken up with a sketch written originally for *Frazer's Magazine* by the editor of the *Daily Register*. Would it not have been quite as well, friend Hazard, to give credit either to the *Magazine* or ourself? The sketches by Mrs. Stowe are, most of them, letters written by her from Maine to the *National Era* last spring.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Another Slave Case—Outrageous Interference—Particulars of the Case.

New York, *May* 26, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era:

You will have noticed, in telegraphic despatches and other shapes, the usual number of contradictory statements of the progress of the last and the most infamous, in some of its phases, of all the "slave cases" that have ever found their way into the courts of this city. The history of it is this:

Lewis Tappan received, some days ago, a telegraphic despatch from our ever-watchful friend, Dr. Brisbane, of Cincinnati, stating that a colored girl, aged about ten years, named Jane Trainer, the child of one Charles W. Trainer, of Mobile, Alabama, had been taken from that city by a woman named Rose Cooper, *alias* Rose Porter, and brought on to this city under pretence of going to California, far away from home and friends. The despatch, speaking by authority of the distracted father, through Dr. Brisbane, further authorized legal proceedings for the recovery of the child. Mr. Tappan, prompted by his well-known benevolence, and stimulated by his characteristic zeal, at once procured the legal aid of Hon. Erastus D. Culver, as counsel. An application for the writ of *habeas corpus* was promptly made by Jacob R. Gibbs, an intelligent and highly useful colored man of this city, as the child's next friend. It was granted by Judge Duer, of the Superior Court; and in pursuance thereof, the child was sought in the retreat of Rose Porter, at a notorious house in Mercer street, (since proven to be a fitting receptacle for one who has been confessed to be a prostitute,) and produced in court, together with said Rose, for whom a bench warrant had also been issued. These proceedings were initiated on the 9th instant. On the 11th, a return to the writ of *habeas corpus* was made, and the case was put upon what has proved a tortuous "winding way," and, by slow and tedious stages, it has progressed ever since, not being settled yet.

The return denied, of course, the entire of the allegations of the writ. It goes on to specify, in denials, that the child is not imprisoned or deprived of her liberty; and asserts that she was born a slave in Mobile; that her mother was the slave of Cooper; and that the daughter continued with the respondent, as her slave, until she removed to Cincinnati, *where the child became free*, (mark the admission!) and from whence she brought her to this city, as alleged by the complainant. It further states, that the child came to New York of her own free will and liberty; that she is not aware of any person ever having been married to the child's mother, so as to give that person the right, legitimately, to claim the custody of the child.

On the other hand, it was contended that the father, who is a free man, has the right to the custody of the child, and that he has been illegally and unjustly deprived thereof. And who would doubt this, in view of the confession of freedom made, and in the absence of apprentice's indentures, or other legal evidence, not pretended to exist, showing the contrary, as required by the laws of the most pro-slavery of the slaveholding States, within your correspondent's knowledge of the generally prevalent laws covering the case at issue! And yet this barefaced claim to unnatural, as well as unauthorized, custody, pretendedly based on the volition of an ignorant, slavery-schooled child like this, is kept alive, from day to day, and gravely entertained by a learned judge, and a lawyer *claiming* respectability in the profession, and in public life, have been found in the person of a talented Irishman of the name of Brady, to defend so monstrous a position—and not only so, but to browbeat and hector over his unhallowed job, in a way and to an extent which leads one to wonder what kind of pay there could have been promised, *sub-Rosa*, or otherwise, sufficient to keep him in the harness during such a drive in the chariot of distorted and prostituted law! A specimen of this gentleman's bravado has been offered in a reply he dared to make to a remark of Judge Duer, that the child was "free to go with her father when she pleased," or, rather, to Mr. Culver's suggestion, that "Mr. Tappan would take her then, as authorized by the father in open court," that he "*had better try that once;*" and also his gratuitous insolence towards Mr. Tappan, when, with the sanction of the court, he was selected to take down Trainer's testimony, in objecting to him as "not trustworthy or reliable"—which, by the way, was a pretty clear indication of a consciousness of his own unfitness for doing justice, measuring others with his own self-condemned standard, as he evidently was doing at the moment!

This case was delayed for several days, by a transaction unparalleled in the darkest phases of a perverted jurisprudence, for villanous and brutal interference. Trainer was missing from the city, with total mystery as to his whereabouts, until a telegraphic despatch from Dunkirk, revealed the monstrous fact that he had been driven from the city by a gang of rowdies, with threats of personal violence. Having returned to the city, he has again been put under such personal peril, by the threats of these scoundrels, that he failed to make his appearance, yesterday, for the reason (timidly conveyed to the court) just stated. A monstrously startling state of things, isn't it?

To give your readers some idea of the systematic manner in which this apropos body guard of Rose Porter have united their forces against justice and mercy, they were on hand at the trial, with the greatest promptitude and regularity, day after day; and I myself overheard the inquiry pass from lip to lip—"Have you your *pistols* ready, Colonel?" or Captain, as the case might be!

The deeply interesting struggle presented in this extraordinary case, between law and justice, pleading the claims of parental yearnings on the one hand, and of despotism and villany on the other, pleading the cause of crime and infamy, has a promise of a termination on Saturday. With confidence in the present well-tried and trusty custody of Freedom's and Humanity's interests, let us await the result as patiently as we can; which result I shall not forget to send you in due time for your next issue.

In the mean time, as a sort of episode to this tragedy, Counsellor Brady most eloquently and lachrymosely urges the "claim" of this "sweet Rose of Alabama" on grounds as follows, viz: That the child is much attached to the respondent, who (*intending* to reform!) has contracted an engagement of marriage with one Mr. Porter, whose name she has already assumed; and that the said respondent seriously believes that Trainer, the father of the child, is too much addicted to the society of lewd women, to be its guardian!

But, further, Mr. Counsellor Brady, as if really imagining himself performing the chief part in the *original* farce of the "Irish Attorney," admits, with most admirable gravity, that his fair client, Rosa, has been, for a series of years, the presiding genius of sundry houses of the most accommodating virtue, in various cities, under the name of Rose Cooper; and that she, now transformed, in advance of a marriage which she says *is* to be, to Rose Porter, hails from one of the most notorious dens of prostitution in this city! Indicator.

☞ The case of Jane Trainer came before Judge Duer on Saturday, and was argued by Mr. Culver. The Judge reserved his decision until Monday. *

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

The first number of this new monthly is now ready for delivery. It contains Ancient and Modern Politicians, by William Jay; The Nebraska Territorial Bill, (an editorial from the *Era*, detailing the means used to defeat her admission into the Union,) and the first portion of Mr. Goodloe's book, entitled "The Southern Platform, or Manual of Southern Sentiment on the subject of Slavery." Orders should be forwarded as early as convenient.

We append a few notices of the press:

Facts for the People.—Dr. Bailey proposes in June to commence publishing a monthly, called '*Facts for the People.*' What it will be, we need not say. In the olden time, the Doctor had a similar publication. The good done by it we enjoy now. In the new and better day coming, he will speak again with fresher vigor and higher hope. A great deal of good will be accomplished by him. Let the '*Facts for the People*' be spread far and near.

Six copies $1, twenty $3, one hundred $12.—*Cleveland True Democrat.*

The editor of the *National Era* announces a new publication, which we trust will have a far and wide circulation by all who are opposed to the present perversion of our National Government to the support of slaveholding interests, and in favor of its entire divorce from the 'peculiar institution.' Every election district should be supplied with fifty or a hundred copies from the commencement, which would cost (for a year.) but six or twelve dollars.—*Painesville (O.) Telegraph.*

We call the special attention of our friends in this county and district to the following prospectus of *Facts for the People.* It is designed to furnish to the mass of the people important facts bearing on the connection of the General Government with slavery, and every neighborhood should be supplied with them. There is not a town in the free States which might not have 100 copies of this cheap periodical. It will be seen that it is not offered to single subscribers at all, but only to clubs.—*Oneida (N. Y.) Telegraph.*

IMPRISONMENT OF SEAMEN FOR NO CRIME.

Agitation has reached South Carolina. A correspondent of the Charleston (S. C.) *Standard*, takes the ground that—

"As by the Constitution, a treaty, when duly ratified by the signature of the President, and the sanction of the Senate, becomes a supreme law of the land, that now existing between the United States and England necessarily partakes of this high, inviolate, and binding character. By one of the least ambiguous or clearest clauses of that treaty, British subjects (seamen of course included) are entitled to the same rights and privileges in our ports, or while they sojourn among us, as those of any other country with whom we are in amity. The act, therefore, of South Carolina, by which this provision of the treaty is virtually annulled or set aside, is not only unconstitutional, but otherwise irregular and invalid—as being, to all intents and purposes, an *ex post facto* law; having been passed subsequently to that of which, or of a clause of which it operates as a repeal. South Carolina, in her sovereign capacity, or through her vote in the Senate, where she is expressly recognized in her independent State character, assisted in the ratification of this treaty; and therefore could not subsequently pass a law, infractive of it, without a clear and direct breach of her pledged faith, both to Great Britain and her sister members of the Union, to maintain it inviolate, as long, at least, as England shall faithfully observe it on her part. She is also further bound, by every principle of honor, and of the law of nations, to aid in enforcing and carrying it out, in any case in which the exercise of her local authority or her State interposition may be necessary for this purpose."

He enforces his views at considerable length. The editor of the *Standard* dissents from the views of his correspondent, and counsels patience until it can be seen what is the "natural action of our Federal system," though he doubts "whether it is altogether frank and candid to do so—to come before a tribunal at all, to whose determination we will only submit when in our favor."

It has long been doubted whether a State has the right to imprison the free citizens of a sister State, the Constitution expressly declaring (Art. iv, sec. 2,) that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States," and we rejoice that the question will shortly come before the Supreme Court for decision. The police regulation referred to has long been felt to be oppressive by the merchants of Charleston; but the overshadowing influence of Slavery has thus far triumphed over all their efforts to secure its repeal. *

Mrs. Stowe at Stafford House.—A large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the residence of the Duke of Sutherland on the 7th ult., to give expression to their respect and admiration for Mrs. H. B. Stowe. That lady, accompanied by her husband and brother, was ushered through the magnificent suite of rooms on the ground floor to the picture gallery, where the Duchess of Sutherland and a distinguished party received their guests, and after some preliminary introductions, the long-talked-of address was presented by the Earl of Shaftesbury, and responded to by Rev. Mr. Beecher. In subsequent conversations with the Duchess of Sutherland and Argyll, Mrs. Stowe stated that the ladies of England were not at all aware of the real state of feeling of the ladies of America on the subject of slavery; and that it must not be judged by the answer sent to the address, nor the statements in the American newspapers—the ladies of America being prevented by their husbands' personal and political feelings from saying what they feel on the subject. *

The editor of the Sonora (Cal.) *Herald* repels, with some warmth, the charge that he is an Abolitionist, and thus defines his position:

"In accordance with the Compromise, we are opposed to the introduction of slavery into this State, and to all the thousand manœuvres resorted to for the purpose of ultimately accomplishing that end. We were raised a free white mechanic; and while we wield a pen we shall oppose everything which, in our opinion, may tend to injure their interests or depress their condition. Furthermore, we are opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law of this State, because, as there are no fugitives from labor here, its enactment is unnecessary and gratuitous, and tends to open a breach which all should wish closed."

The Jury in the Gardiner case have been discharged, not being able to agree on a verdict. Messrs. Lane, Bain, and Borland, were for his conviction, the rest for his acquittal. *

For the National Era.

TWILIGHT REVERIE.

'Tis the hour of dew and shadow,
When the soul may thrive the heart,
When o'er hearth-born cares and passions,
Rules our nature's holier part.

'Tis the hour when Conscience, waking,
Spurns the Tempter and his wiles;
When Repentance weareth Beauty.
And the erasing angel smiles.

Softening, saving, purifying,
Comes the twilight hour to men;
Then loved hands that clasped us, dying,
Wreathe our fevered brows again.

Eyes, that failing, sought our faces,
Till the White Gate closed between;
Haunt the twilight's shadowy places,
And we *feel* their gaze unseen.

Lips that colder grew, as faintly
Love's last clinging kiss was given;
Breathe in accents sweet and saintly,
Of the angelic life in Heaven.

When the day's last tints are creeping
Down the curtains of the west,
Know we that our souls are keeping
Vigils with the Lost and Blest?

When, sweet herald lamp of even,
Twilight star, thy beam we see,
Surely, Earth is nearest Heaven,
Nearest dust to Deity.

H. L. B.

Edinburgh, Ohio.

APPEAL TO ESTABLISH A GERMAN PAPER AT WASHINGTON.

The Executive Committee of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society propose to establish a weekly Anti-Slavery Newspaper at the Seat of Government, in the German language, to be edited by Mr. Frederick Schmidt, a native German, and a man of learning, Christian principles, and editorial experience, who has resided in this country twenty-one years. With the aid already secured, the sum of the three thousand dollars will be sufficient to publish the paper one year; after which, it will rely upon its subscription list. If the undertaking prove successful, the sum contributed will be returned by Mr. Schmidt to the Committee, and by them expended in circulating the paper gratuitously among the German population.

It is earnestly hoped that there will be found one hundred friends of the cause who will immediately remit thirty dollars each, to make up the above sum, so that the paper, so greatly needed, may be issued, if possible, by July 4th, 1853. But any sum, be it more or less, will be gratefully received. Remittances may be made to Buell & Blanchard, printers of the *National Era*, Washington; to William E. Whiting, Esq., 124 Pearl street, New York, treasurer of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society; or to the undersigned, 48 Beekman street, New York. For the Committee:

Lewis Tappan,
Corresponding Secretary.

Boston, *May* 17, 1853.

Dear Sir: I know Mr. Schmidt by the good name which he has won, and I have also had the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance. I understand him to be a scholar, who believes in the demand which Liberty now makes in our country upon every citizen. Thus endowed in mind and character, he will address his compatriots from Germany, in their own language, with persuasive power. I trust he will find the opportunity which he covets; and I know of none, which promises better than his present plan of a Weekly German Anti-Slavery Newspaper at Washington.

The number of persons to be addressed by such a journal is now very large; and they should be easy converts. The German emigrant, who is not against Slavery here, leads us to doubt the sincerity of his opposition to the Tyranny which he has left behind in his native land.

Believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,
CHARLES SUMNER.

Lewis Tappan, Esq.

Cincinnati, *May* 17, 1853.

Understanding that Mr. Frederick Schmidt proposes to establish a German paper at Washington city, under the title of "*National Democrat*," to be devoted to the support of the principles and measures embraced in the Pittsburgh Platform of Independent Democracy, I take pleasure in earnestly recommending his enterprise to the support of all lovers of Liberty and Progress. S. P. CHASE.

Lewis Tappan, Esq.

Quincy, *May* 18, 1853.

Dear Sir: I am glad to hear that any gentleman so competent as Mr. Schmidt is represented to be, is disposed to undertake a German newspaper in Washington, to advocate Anti-Slavery views. Of his prospect of success I am not qualified to form an opinion. But this I know—that, among the myriads of his countrymen who are flocking to these regions as a refuge from oppression, there must be many who sympathize with him in his sentiments, and who do not seek, in coming here, to monopolize *all* the liberty to themselves. If he by his labors can keep them steady to these healthy notions, against the corrupting influences of many of the self-styled Democratic expounders of a different theory, I shall be among the first to hail him as a public benefactor, and to recommend him to the confidence of all the friends of the great cause.

I am, very truly, yours,
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

Lewis Tappan, Esq., New York.

The Edmunsons.—One of this family, Mary, who has been going to school at Oberlin, Ohio, died on Wednesday, the 18th of May, of consumption. A letter from Oberlin says that her last words were: "Tell my dear mother that I shall be happy in the Kingdom." Her father and Emily were with her, and witnessed her departure to the spirit world. The history of this family may be found in the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Stowe pays for the education of the girls, and, we believe, advanced the money to redeem them from the slave pen at Alexandria, when they were in danger of being sent to the far South. *

Virginia Election.—The returns of the recent election in Virginia come in slowly.

John S. Caskie is elected to Congress from the Third District.

It is believed that Wm. Smith is elected by a small majority in the Alexandria District.

Other returns indicate that the following Democrats are elected: First District, Bayly; second, Wilson; fifth, Bocock; eighth, C. J. Faulkner; tenth, Kidwell; twelfth, Edmonson; thirteenth, McMullen.

The Legislature will be largely Democratic in both branches. *

The Anniversary of the Sunday Schools was held in this city on Monday, May 22d. The schools assembled in front of the Union office, and marched in procession to the Capitol, where, in presence of the President, the Mayor, the members of the Board of Aldermen and Council, and citizens, Rev. Mr. Danforth delivered an address. The annual report shows that—

In the Union there are male teachers 218; female teachers 290. Male scholars 1,700; female scholars 2,070. Total teachers 508. Total scholars 3,770. Conversions 51. Deaths 22. Libraries—volumes, 10,000.

Estimation of other schools. Teachers 200; scholars 2,500. Aggregate for city—teachers 708; scholars 6,270; volumes 12,000.

Seven new schools formed with 360 scholars. The three largest schools in the Union are Wesley Chapel 470; Fourth Presbyterian 444; Trinity 260. Colored school at Trinity 600 children.

Presbyterian General Assembly—New School.—*Buffalo, May* 27.—To-day a heated discussion on the slavery question arose. A series of resolutions were reported by the special committee, recommending the appointment of a committee of four from as many slaveholding Synods, to inquire how many members of the Presbyterian church hold slaves—whether from motives of benevolence, and whether baptism and marriage is observed among the slaves of members of the church—the committee to report to next assembly.

Dr. Ross, of Tennessee, warmly opposed the resolutions, emphatically asserting that the South never submitted to scrutiny. Messrs. Newton, of Virginia, and McLane, of Mississippi, also warmly opposed the matter. Quite an angry discussion arose towards the close, and the reverend debators grew much heated. Eventually the subject was postponed, amid much excitement, until Monday.

ARRIVAL OF STEAMER ARCTIC.

New York, *May* 29.

The steamer Arctic arrived yesterday, at midnight, bringing dates from Liverpool to the 18th instant.

The Arctic brought 130 passengers, among whom are the Hon. Wm. C. Rives (and family,) late Minister to France, and Commodore Aulick, with despatches from China and London.

There is no confirmation, in either the English or Paris papers, of the reported assassination of Gen. St. Arnaud, Minister of War.

England.—Parliament was not in session, owing to the Whitsuntide holyday.

Mrs. Stowe had been received with great enthusiasm at Exeter Hall, by the British Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided. Prof. Stowe and the Rev. Mr. Ward, a negro, spoke.

The screw steam-sloop Phœnix, Capt. Inglefield, had been ordered to depart in search of Sir John Franklin. Capt. Penny and wife will go out, to found a permanent settlement in the Arctic regions.

France.—Mr. Rives, the American Minister, presented to Napoleon, on the 12th, his letters of recall from the French mission.

Raspail, the Socialist, had been ordered to quit Brussels, but had been taken by Vaillant, a representative, into the sanctuary of his domicile.

Spain.—The Court of Madrid is greatly incensed at the appointment of Senator Soulé as Minister, and the journals demand that he shall not be received.

Naples.—The police at Naples were greatly alarmed at a false report, that Mazzini was on board the frigate Cumberland.

Italy.—More trouble was reported at Milan, and the military had been called out. Several arrests had been made.

India and China.—Hong Kong dates of the 28th of March, confirm the siege of Nankin by the rebels, and the application for English aid. Trade dull. The panic had spread to Shanghai. All was quiet at Canton.

The Mississippi was at Galle on the 11th—all well.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

New Orleans, *May* 25.

Dates from Mexico to the 18th have been received by the steamer Texas. Santa Anna had issued many other arbitrary decrees.

Legislative authority was everywhere suspended, and the offices of governor and military commandant united in the same person.

A decree had been issued for disarming all private persons, and prohibiting them to possess arms, powder, or ammunition of any kind.

The telegraph had also been brought under the control of the Government.

Gov. Lombardini had been promoted to General of Division.

Santa Anna had ordered the remains of all the soldiers who fell in the American war to be disinterred, and placed in suitable sepulchres. He had also ordered the names of Generals Vasquez and Leon, killed in the war, to be inserted on the banners of the army, and considered as promoted to Generals of Division before death.

A levee had been held, of all officers and soldiers mutilated in the American war, called the "Levee of the Mutilated," at which a feeling address was made by Santa Anna, who said the country never forgot them.

A new national bank had been started, based upon a Government loan of $8,000,000 or $12,000,000.

The French Minister had assured the Government that the new expedition of Count R. de Boulbon had been dispersed.

THE FOREIGN APPOINTMENTS.

The *Union* says: We understand that the following foreign appointments, some of which have been announced already, have been made by the President, and that other objects of pressing attention prevent his bestowing any further consideration, at present, upon appointments of this class:

Ministers Plenipotentiary.—To Great Britain, James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania—Secretary of Legation, John Appleton, of Maine; Spain, Pierre Soulé, of Louisiana; Russia, Thos. H. Seymour, of Connecticut; Mexico, James Gadsden, of South Carolina—Secretary of Legation, John Cripps, of California; Prussia, Peter D. Vroom, of New Jersey; Central America, Solon Borland, of Arkansas—Secretary of Legation, F. A. Beelen, of Pennsylvania; Brazil, Wm. Trousdale, of Tennessee; Chili, Sam'l Medary, of Ohio; Peru, John R. Clay, late Chargé d'Affaires to Peru, and formerly Secretary of Legation to Russia and Austria.

Ministers Resident.—In Switzerland, Theodore S. Fay, long Secretary of Legation at Berlin.

Chargés d'Affaires.—To Belgium, J. J. Seibels, of Alabama; Netherlands, Auguste Belmonte, of New York; Sardinia, Rich'd Kidder Meade, of Virginia; The Sicilies, Robert Dale Owen, of Indiana; Austria, Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia; Denmark, Henry Bedinger, of Virginia; Buenos Ayres, Wm. H. Bissell, of Illinois; New Grenada, James S. Green, of Missouri.

Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands.—S. F. Leake, of Virginia.

Consuls.—Acapulco, Charles L. Denman, of California; Alexandria, Edward De Leon, of South Carolina; Balize, David S. Lee, of Iowa; Bermuda, John W. Howdin, of Ohio; Bordeaux, Alfred Gilmore, of Pennsylvania; Bremen, Wm. Hildebrand, of Wisconsin; Cork, Dennis Mullin, of New York; Dublin, M. J. Lynch, of Illinois; Dundee, Wm. H. De Wolfe, of R. Island; Havana, Alexander M. Clayton, of Mississippi; Hamburg, S. M. Johnson, of Michigan; Hong Kong, Jas. Keenan, of Pennsylvania; Honolulu, Benj. F. Angel, of New York; Labaina, George W. Chase, of Maine; Liverpool, Nathaniel Hawthorne, of Massachusetts; Melbourne, Jas. M. Tarleton, of Alabama; Panama, Thos. W. Ward, of Texas; Paris, Duncan K. McRae, of North Carolina; Rio Janeiro, Robert G. Scott, of Virginia; St. Thomas, Charles J. Helm, of Kentucky; Talcahuana, Wm. R. Plato, of Illinois; Trieste, Wyndham Robertson, of Louisiana; Trinidad de Cuba, John Hubbard, of Maine; Valparaiso, Reuben Wood, of Ohio; Zurich, George F. Goundi, of Pennsylvania.

EDITORS AND TEACHERS.

The special attention of editors and teachers is invited to the brief compend of Geology on the last page. If inserted in papers and read in schools through our entire country, it would promote a reciprocating action between the one and the other, greatly to the benefit of both. Let papers become the vehicles of scientific knowledge, and schools the fields for the employment of such vehicles, and the one would have a new and rich field, always enlarging, and the other new and constant fountains of knowledge, always fresh, constantly becoming purer and richer. Let the schools of the country become the explorers of the country, and a constant supply of scientific matter would be furnished for papers, and the papers thus furnished would be first sought for by the agents furnishing the supply—by schools. Such fields of action, such agencies, and such reciprocation would furnish ample and rich employment for the juvenile energies of the country, now threatening, by the misdirection of those energies, our country's liberties. *

Line of Steamships from Genoa.—The Genoa correspondent of the Newark *Daily Advertiser*, who is understood to be the United States Chargé at Turin, announces, in his last letter, that the Transatlantic Company has secured a contract with the Sardinian Government for a line of steamers between Genoa and New York. The capital of the company is two millions of dollars, and the charter obtained is for twenty years. The Company is required to run two lines of steamships monthly, to New York; one from Genoa, and the other from Monte Video.

Escape of Another of the Irish Patriots.—The *Catholic Mirror* has received information that "Patrick O'Donohue, another of the Irish exiles, has escaped from Van Dieman's Land, and from the clutches of Governor Denison and the English Government. It is thought he left in one of the American ships trading to Australia, and will arrive in one of the American ports on the Atlantic side in the course of a short time."

AN INTERESTING CASE.

Decision under the Maryland act of 1796, and one of the Compromise acts known as the Act to prevent the traffic in slaves in the District of Columbia.

Negro Jane and Child vs. *B. O. Shekels.*—In the Circuit Court for the county of Alexandria: At the November term of the County Court for 1852, the case of the petition of negro Jane and child was tried, and the jury found against them, and for the claimant, B. O. Shekels. After the verdict, a motion was made by the counsel for the petitioners, for a new trial, upon the ground that the verdict was contrary to the law and the evidence; which motion the court overruled. Whereupon the counsel excepted to the ruling of the court, and prepared a bill of exceptions, which was signed and certified by the court. His honor, John Webb Tyler, Judge of the Circuit Court, granted a writ of error, and the case was argued before him on Thursday last. The following is a statement of the evidence given in the court below, as certified by the court:

Upon the trial of this cause, it was proved that the defendant is a dealer in slaves, and is and has been a resident and citizen of the District of Columbia for more than twenty years; that on or about the 10th of July, in the year 1851, the defendant purchased the petitioners in Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, from Mrs. O'Reily, and a few days thereafter carried them to Alexandria, in Virginia, and deposited them in his jail, with the view and purpose of sending them to Alabama for sale; that whilst said petitioners were in defendant's jail, in Alexandria, defendant entered into a contract with one William Herron, a citizen and resident of Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, for the sale of petitioners; and that about the 4th day of August, 1851, the said Herron, in company with one John Adams, went to Alexandria, found said petitioners in said jail, took the petitioners and carried them back to Georgetown, D. C.; that the purchase money for said petitioners was paid by Herron after they were carried back to Georgetown, and that petitioners remained in possession of said Herron, residing in Georgetown, D. C., until the 9th day of November, 1852, when they were again sold to the defendant by said Herron, again carried to Alexandria, and deposited in defendant's jail, where they remained until the institution of this suit.

The petitioners' counsel relied upon the Maryland act of 1796, in force still in the District of Columbia, prohibiting the importation of slaves, and one of the Compromise acts, known as the "act to prevent the traffic in slaves in the District of Columbia." The claimant's counsel relied upon the decisions of the Circuit Court for the District of Columbia, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland, which established the principle that the act of Maryland, which is almost identical with the Compromise act referred to, did not apply to the case of slaves temporarily removed from the District of Columbia, even with a view to sale; and contended that the State of Virginia was not bound, by the doctrine of international comity, to enforce the penal laws of a foreign Territory or State, when contrary to her policy and institutions.

The judgment of the County Court was affirmed, with costs. Lawrence B. Taylor for petitioner; A. & C. E. Stuart for B. O. Shekels.

San Domingo.—There has been not a little excitement lately in the Island of San Domingo, on account of the refusal of the Archbishop to take the oath to support the new Constitution of that State. San Domingo is a Catholic State, and the Archbishop is a Catholic divine. The new Constitution, which has been adopted, the Archbishop stigmatized as heretical in its character, assigning that reason for his refusal. The President, Santa Anna, who displayed a great deal of firmness in the matter, cited the Archbishop to appear before him, and also invited the members of Congress to be present at the interview. The Archbishop accordingly appeared, and upon being tendered the oath declined to take it, whereupon an angry altercation took place between him and the President, and ended by the former declaring that he would go into exile before he would swear to support the heretical Constitution. The next day after this interview, the President issued a decree, placing a national ship at his disposal, to conduct him to any place he might choose to go, and appropriating four thousand dollars to defray his expenses. But the Archbishop, upon sober second thought, concluded to yield the matter, and accordingly took the oath required of him.

Col. Benton on the Federal Appointments for Missouri.—Col. Benton, in a late letter to the citizens of Springfield, Missouri, speaks in the strongest terms of condemnation of some of President Pierce's appointments for that State. "The President," he says, "was deceived by false representations, to give offices to scamps, whose legs were never seen crossed under a gentleman's table—who were the scum and dregs of all parties—who were fugitives from routed fields, or deserters from pledges given to the people, when they obtained these appointments."

Dates from Utah, of the Deseret *News*, to February 19, represent the affairs of the Mormons as in a prosperous condition. A site for a Temple, to outshine the Nauvoo structure, has been selected at Salt Lake City, and the corner-stone of the edifice laid with great ceremony. On New Year's day, the printers of Salt Lake City held a festival, opening a new Social Hall, with performances by a dramatic corps. The *News* gives glowing accounts of the success of Mormon elders in Europe, and other parts of the world.

DEATH.

Died in this city, on Thursday evening, 26th ultimo, of scarlet fever, Ann Janet, daughter of A. M. Gangewer, aged 3 years and 3 months.

METROPOLITAN CHARACTER OF NEW YORK.

That our city is truly the Metropolis of America, no one can doubt, if at all acquainted with its resources and superiority, in its magnificent hotels, its naval marine, its fleet of ocean steamers, and its business enterprise and energy. Here the highest talent and acquirements find ample scope, and the largest remuneration. Science, literature, art, the drama, law, divinity, surgery, medicine, parade their proudest names.

We have at times proposed to introduce to our readers some of the names most distinguished in these several departments, many of whom, besides a local, have a world renown, and whose reputation attracts thousands to be instructed, entertained, and benefited. Among them, is Dr. S. S. Fitch. This gentleman is one of a line of celebrated physicians. His grandfather, Dr. Ebenezer Fitch, renowned for his piety, learning, and skill in surgery and medicine, was one of the surgeons to the Connecticut Line during the Revolutionary War. His father, Dr. Chancy Fitch, was the first physican that settled in Plattsburg, in this State, and for the greater part of his life was one of the most successful physicians that ever practiced medicine in America. In the great epidemic of 1813—an epidemic that swept away nearly ten per cent. of the population of the United States—he taught its easy and perfect cure, and among his numerous patients never lost a single case.

Dr. S. S. Fitch is the third of this line, and was born in Plattsburg. He, after receiving an excellent academical and classical education, repaired to Philadelphia, at an early age, to complete his medical education. There he graduated in medicine, obtaining the highest honors of his class. He spent about ten years in Philadelphia, carefully and closely pursuing his studies, after which he visited all the States of this Union, and many of the Indian tribes.

In 1836 he visited Europe, and during six years much of his time was spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, and Italy.

In 1842, he commenced delivering his celebrated lectures on the causes and cure of consumption and disease; on the loss of life, showing by obvious and easily understood rules, how human life may be extended to at least a hundred years. His lectures won all hearers by their truthfulness, common sense, and utility.

In 1846, Dr. Fitch visited this city, and published his lectures on these subjects, which met with wonderful success. They inspired confidence, joy, hope, and courage, among their readers, and circulated largely both in Europe and in this country. These lectures have passed through over twenty editions, between one and two hundred thousand copies having already been sold. To invalids, as well as those in the enjoyment of health, they prove a perfect guide; and those who early adopt their teachings, and follow them, cannot fall victims to that scourge of our climate—pulmonary consumption.

In this city, Dr. Fitch has been consulted by over forty thousand persons of both sexes, for numerous and various diseases. He differs greatly from others in his view of a physician's duty, as he thinks every member of this important profession should prepare and administer his own medicines; that unless he does this, he cannot, though he may enjoy reputation, meet with the success he could attain by this means. He writes out an exact and careful account of every case that falls under his notice. These cases already exceed forty-five thousand, filling more than one hundred large volumes, all carefully written out. No record of such extent was made before by a private physician, and in this way he retains his experience, and daily adds to it; and an examination of these volumes will show that of all those who place themselves under his care, nineteen out of twenty are restored to health. Dr. Fitch is at home from morning till night every day, except the Sabbath. His consultations, either at his house or by letter, are always free, as no charge whatever is made for examining any case, rich or poor. The diseases he treats are consumption, asthma, bronchitis, throat diseases, heart diseases, dyspepsia, bowel troubles, piles, all female diseases, liver complaints, affections of the head, skin diseases, and all humors and impurities of the blood, scrofula, &c.

Dr. Fitch resides at 714 Broadway, where all invalids will find him a most skillful, sympathizing, and generous physician. We think our friends who call on him will find this a true history of one of our most respectable men.—*Home Journal.*

THE WATER CURE JOURNAL.

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"The Water Cure Journal holds a high rank in the science of health; always ready, straightforward, and plain-spoken, it unfolds the laws of our physical nature, without any pretensions to the technicalities of science, but in a form as attractive and refreshing as the sparkling element of which it treats."—*New York Tribune.* May 26—4t

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Devoted to Phrenology, Physiology, Mechanism, Education, Agriculture, the Natural Sciences, and General Intelligence—profusely illustrated with engravings. Every family, and especially all young men and women, should have a copy. Published monthly, at one dollar a year. All letters should be post paid, and directed to FOWLERS & WELLS, Clinton Hall, No. 131 Nassau street, New York.

Young men about launching forth upon the activities of life, and anxious to start right, and understand their course, will find this Journal a friend and monitor, to encourage them in virtue, shield them from vice, and to prepare them for usefulness and success in life. The various occupations will be discussed in the light of Phrenology and Physiology, so that every one may know in what pursuit be would be most likely to succeed. May 26—4t

ATTENTION!

SOLDIERS who served in the various wars, and sailors, or their widows or heirs, to whom arrears of pay, extra pay, bounty land, pensions, &c., may be due, may find it to their advantage to have their claims investigated. Address
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Subscribers in any part of the United States may now receive the magazine by mail, either from the publishers, the booksellers, or periodical agents, at three cents a number, or thirty-six cents a year, postage, payable at the post office where it is received.

Terms.—The magazine may be obtained of booksellers, periodical agents, or from the publishers, at three dollars a year, or twenty-five cents a number. The semi-annual volumes, as completed, neatly bound in cloth, at two dollars; and muslin covers are furnished to those who wish to have their back numbers uniformly bound, at twenty-five cents each. Six volumes are now ready, bound.

The publishers will supply specimen numbers gratuitously to agents and postmasters, and will make liberal arrangements with them for circulating the magazine. They will also supply clubs, of two persons at five dollars a year, of five persons at ten dollars. Clergymen supplied at two dollars per year. Nos. from the commencement can still be supplied.

Contents of the June Number.

GRAY'S ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.
Illustrations.—Fac-simile View of Stoke-Poges Church; and thirty-two vignettes.
ANCIENT PERU—ITS PEOPLE AND MONUMENTS.
Illustrations.—Plan of the First Palace. Peruvian Sirinx. Part of Wall of the Fortress of Cuzco. Remains of the Great Temple of the Sun in Cuzco. Remains of Walls of the Fortress of Cuzco. End View of the Walls of the Fortress. Tower of Chupan. Copper Knives. Copper Tweezers. Copper War Mace. Peruvian Idol. Golden Vase. Silver Vase. Group of Sepulchral Vases. Sepulchral Tower. Peruvian Mummies. Walls at Chimu. Ornaments of Walls. Plan of Second Palace. El Mirador de Huanaco. Ruins of Pachacamac. Head of Statue at Tiahuanico. Doorway at Tiahuanico. Central figure enlarged. Enlarged View of Figures. Monolithic Doorway. Ruins in Titicaca. Palace at Huanaco el Viego. Plan of Palace. Ruins at Coati.
LIFE IN PARIS.
Illustrations.—Arch of Triumph. A Lorette in her Prime. A Decayed Lorette. The Grisette. The Tempters and the Tempted. Peddler at Large. Dog-shearer. Hatseller. Garbage-gatherer. Dame des Halles. Merchant of Crimes. Date-seller. Basket-seller. Death to Rats. The Tomb of Secrets. Estaminet. The Pavilion of Flora. Le Carre du Palais Royal. Le Foret Noire. Rotonde du Temple.
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By John S. C. Abbot.
Illustrations, from Drawings by Döpler.—Bombardment of Copenhagen. The Reception at Venice. The Return from Italy. Flight of the Portuguese Court. Interview with the Spanish Princes. The Departure of Joseph for Spain.
LET THOSE LAUGH THAT WIN. By J. Smytthe, junior.
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON THE INFLUENCE OF NOVELS.
FAITHFUL FOREVER.
THE LOST FOUND.
CHARITY AND HUMOR—A LECTURE. By W. M. Thackeray.
THE LOST FLOWERS—A SCOTTISH STORY.
SMALL BEGINNINGS.
BLEAK HOUSE. By Charles Dickens.
Chapter XLVII. Jo's Will.—XLVIII. Closing in.—XLIX. Dutiful Friendship.
Illustrations.—A New Meaning in the Roman. Friendly Behaviour of Mr. Bucket.
SCENES AT SEA.
THE LAST DAYS OF BURNS.
THE CHATEAU REGNIER.
A FRAGMENT OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
LITERARY NOTICES.
COMICALITIES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Illustrations.—Lady Practice in Physic. An Anxious Inquirer. Precaution. An Organic Impediment.
FASHIONS FOR JUNE.
Illustrations.—Full Dress and Evening Costume. Visiting Dress. Coiffure. Waistcoat.

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PATENT AGENCY—ESTABLISHED IN 1820.

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Those wishing information can receive a circular, free of charge; and those wishing advice for home treatment can have it by enclosing one dollar.

Address, postpaid, JAMES C. JACKSON, M. D., Scott, Cortland county, New York. June 2—4t.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Fourth Annual Session.

THE next Course of Lectures in this Institution will commence on Saturday, October 1st, 1853, and continue *five months*, (21 weeks,) closing on the 25th of February, 1854.

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Ellwood Harvey, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.
Hilbern Darlington, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
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Edwin Fussell, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
Mark G. Kerr, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.
Martha H. Mowry, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
Almira L. Fowler, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Chemistry.

Persons wishing further information as to terms, regulations, &c., or desirous of receiving copies of the Announcement, will please apply, personally or by letter, to the Dean of the Faculty.
DAVID J. JOHNSON, M. D.,
June 2—12t 229 Arch street, Philadelphia.

BUELL & BLANCHARD, WASHINGTON, D. C., have now ready for delivery
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The above work is a delineation of the scenes and incidents connected with the imprisonment, in 1852, of Manuel Pereira, steward of the British brig Janson, in the jail of Charleston, S. C.

The following notices of this work is copied from the *National Era* of February 17:

"The above is the title of a work now in press, founded upon that infamous statute of South Carolina, by which her citizens claim a right to imprison *colored seamen*, of all nations, and even those cast upon their shores in distress. We have perused the book in advance of its publication, and find that it gives a life-like picture of Pereira, the vessel in which he sailed, the storms she encountered, and her wrecked condition when brought into the port of Charleston, S. C.; together with the imprisonment of Pereira, several seamen belonging to the New England States, and two French seamen; the prison regimen, character of the Charleston police, and the mendacity of certain officials, who make the law a medium of peculation. The work is replete with incidents of Southern life and character, pointing Southerners to the things that call for correction at their own hands, with a force that cannot be mistaken. The work is written by one who has taken a prominent part in the affairs of the South, and cannot fail to interest alike the general reader, commercial man, and philanthropist."

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E. D. BANGS, Principal.
Court street, Feb. 22, 1853.—March 3—8t

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR—VOL. IX.
For Children and Sabbath Schools.
BY UNCLE LUCIUS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY paper, which aims to interest and inform the young mind. Special effort is made to give a proper direction to the minds of children, in these times of strife for the supremacy of slavery. Price—25 cents for single copies, five copies for $1, $12 per hundred. A specimen number, free of charge, will be sent to any person.
LUCIUS C. MATLACK, Editor and Publisher,
Mar. 24—3m 60 South Salina st., Syracuse, N. Y.

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BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES will alleviate any irritation of the bronchial tubes, hoarseness, or other impediments of the voice, whether produced by cold, influenza, or any unusual exertion of the vocal organs in public speaking or singing. Public speakers and vocalists will find these Lozenges serviceable for clearing the voice.

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THE AMERICAN BAPTIST,

A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER, published weekly, at Utica, New York, is the organ of the American Baptist Free Mission Society, and the only Baptist newspaper in the United States advocating the principle of non-fellowship with slaveholders, either in ecclesiastical or in voluntary missionary organizations. Terms—$1.50 per annum, in advance; or, if payment be delayed three months, $2 per annum. Address WAREHAM WALKER,
April 28—8t Editor and Publishing Agent.

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DR. S. FREASE, Deardorff's Mills,
April 28—6t Tuscarawas, Ohio.

CLEVELAND WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENT.

THE above Establishment still continues in successful operation, having already entered upon its sixth season. The largely increased number of patients treated at the Establishment the past year, over any previous year, and the increased rapidity and proportion of cures, induce the subscriber to believe that his enlarged experience and opportunities for treatment give facilities to the invalid rarely equalled.

Diseases peculiar to females are treated with a success and RAPIDITY of cure believed to be surpassed by none.
T. T. SEELYE, M. D.,
April 21—24t Proprietor.

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As the Agency does not propose to sell, but negotiate and send purchasers to the owners, no special authority is requisite; but when a sale by the Agency is desired, authority must be given.

The business of the Agency is published extensively through the Press and by Circulars, in all parts of this country, and in Europe, where we expect one of our firm will for the present reside, and where also we shall have agents in the principal ports of embarkation; and special efforts are made to induce Capitalists, immigrants and others, to examine the Register and Files of the Agency.
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Refer to Courtlandt Palmer, Esq., No. 177 Broadway, New York; Hon. Alvin Bronson, Oswego, N. Y.; Gov. Wool, and ex Gov. Ford, Ohio; Hon. R. W. Thompson, Ind.; Hon. D. A. Noble and Hon. J. R. Williams, Mich.; Hon. Robert Smith, Ill.; Hon. J. R. Underwood, Ky.; Hon. A. C. Dodge, Iowa; Hon. J. D. Doty, Wis. Jan. 27—3m

HENRY H. PAXTON,

ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cadiz, Harrison county, Ohio. Jan. 9.

B. E. BORDEN,

ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, Woonsocket, Rhode Island. Jan. 6—3m

WASHINGTON, D. C.

[Reported for the National Era.]

LECTURE ON MIGRATION,

Applying the Principles of a previous Lecture on the same subject to the Black Race in America.

BY CHR. REEMLIN.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: To apply the maxims on migration, which I had the honor to present to you in a previous lecture, to the black population of the United States, is, I feel it, a difficult, and, I fear, a thankless task. I undertake it only upon your special request, and relying upon your kindest indulgence.

We may, when we reflect upon the history of our own race, readily yield it to be a true maxim, that a laboring population is the only reliable basis of a nation's wealth and power; and that, therefore, to whatever quarter the laboring millions migrate, to that quarter, too, will migrate, the rule over man politically, commercially, and financially; but our pride at once revolts at the same idea, when it forces us to admit that we are indebted in any manner for our national wealth and greatness to the black race.

We approach all questions connected with the latter race with peculiar feelings of prejudice and of evil apprehensions. We feel sensitive about it, as if its discussion menaced our dearest interests. It stands in our minds as the ever-present, *only*, cloud in our political horizon. It is the dark spectre that haunts us in our brightest dreams of anticipated future progress. We would gladly get clear of this population, and all its fancied or real evils; and so overwhelming is this desire, that the dread of future evil has made us forget all the benefits this race has conferred upon America in the past. We think only of what a happy riddance it would be to lose this population; but we little think of the many comforts it creates; nor do we want to meet the losses which would follow the riddance. "We are like the fox, who demanded to be washed, without wetting his skin."

The books of travel and the disquisite editorials of learned Europeans have magnified our apprehensions. They always present the negro slave when they want to paint the dark side of America's picture. Nor have we been wanting of the proper stimulants to our fears at home. A "crisis" could not be a very *dark* one in our Union, if a portion of the ingredients thereunto were not manufactured out of African blood. The foreshadowed terrors would, we think, long ago have broken over our devoted heads, if they had not been spirited away, again and again, by the kind interposition of the magic of some "Compromise." We even now breathe freer, deeper, having passed by a similar process through a "fearful crisis;" but not so free and so deep as to make us approach this question with that open and fearless brow with which we meet our foreign and other domestic questions. Why we should have this anxious solicitude on this question of race, and why we should so courageously march forward to our "manifest destiny," and be so reckless on almost every other public question, are questions which will receive an answer when that *destiny* shall be reached, and when the consequences of our present impetuous steps shall be fully developed. Providence ever hides from nations the results of favorite national measures, and a nation's ruin hardly ever comes from the quarter where most it is dreaded; nor do those things produce permanent national happiness, which promise the greatest present success. In Europe they eat the bitter or sweet fruit of seeds planted by wise or unwise, but generally well-intentioned hands, thousands of years ago. We are, in almost every national sense, but the sowers in a new field, of which the harvest is to succeeding ages. May we use a world's experience, to sow deeper, and to bring better harvests! In the negroes' case, however, this is not so. We are at the beginning of the end, and the sickle of Time will soon garner away into the historic granaries this deeply-colored episode of American history.

The negroes are in our eyes a race of slaves. This colors our whole judgment. We associate with them ignorance, brutality, and deceit; and we regret their presence. Our books all paint the devil black, and we cannot shake off the conviction that the future of these black children of Africa is the Pandora's box for our country. If God has any "future punishment" in store for our land, whence else can we anticipate the blows to come hardest, than from thence? We have transferred a part of our hatred of all darkness to this same race!

Such habitual feelings are, I feel it, serious impediments to a fair contemplation of this question. Can we not, for a few moments at least, discard all these feelings? Can we not use our common sense, and examine into and decide upon the whole matter, without passion, without fear, and without prejudice? I think we can. Did not the same God create the black man and the white man? Is not our and their destiny beyond this life the same? Or is there in the realms of truth and justice a heaven for the blacks, and one also for the whites? Has not the Creator of this earth and of its varied climates created purposely various races of men, so that they might, through their migrations, act and react upon each other, so as to enable all ultimately to reach (without the necessity of hating each other) a common destiny? Or does our exclusion go so far as to exclude the negro from our Utopias and our Millenniums, in which even the lion and the lamb are not forgotten? Is there any necessity for a "crisis" in this matter? Can it not, like all other matters, be permitted to run its natural and easy course of cause and effect? Have all these "Compromises" been anything else than the natural results, forced upon our statesmen, and where they have not been such, have they, can they, remain compromises, beyond the brief hour of temporary excitement?

If we put these questions to ourselves, we will find our hearts warmed up by the sun of benevolence, and our heads cleared of the fogs of prejudice. Faith in God and confidence in ourselves will enable us to inquire properly into all the difficulties of the subject, and to probe fearlessly its dangers.

What, then, is the history and the extent of this black race in America?

As to its history, it is easily told. They have no history of their own. What little history there is of them was written by white men; and woe unto a people who suffer their conquerors to be their historians! Their native land is still the same land of mystery, of fable, and of marvel, that it was three thousand years ago, perhaps more so. Our race has a history, and therefore a progress; but of the black race we say the hardest we can say, when we say, *it stands still!*

Our history of the creation, propagation, and extension of man over earth, obviously does not suit the negro, and our physiology seems equally at fault. We take him to have come

> "Deformed, unfinished, sent before his time
> Into this breathing world of ours, scarce half
> made up."

The dogs bark at him as he halts by them. Is it not clear to all, that Africa *must* have been the cradle of his race, and it *could not* have been that of ours? If we venture to Africa, it is our grave; and what else have America and Europe and Asia furnished to the black man, except very *unhospitable* graves. The interior of Africa is his undisputed home. There only he thrives and multiplies. Everywhere else he remains a stranger! Do not in mockery name to me the empire of Hayti, as proof that such is not the fact in America.

Three hundred and fifty years ago, eleven years after the first white man migrated to America, the first black man was imported from Africa. More than *forty* millions of adult men and women have since been thus transported. In some years the number exceeded one hundred thousand. *Six* millions is all that is left of this immense importation. The rest, climate and the cruelties of their importers and taskmasters have swallowed up. More black men have crossed the Atlantic than white men; and we have in America, now living, eight of the latter to one of the former. What a lesson, did we but read it right!

They were imported here, mark it! for the purpose of *supplying* the fertile lands of America with *human labor*. Naturally indolent at home, maltreated on their way here, they evinced, on their arrival, an aversion to labor. Force was used, and black slavery was born. This forced labor was found profitable, and cupidity came a willing helpmate to found the slave trade!

The negro came from a land where it requires but little food to supply the daily waste of the body, and still less clothing to protect it against atmospheric influences. This made the black man, habituated as he was to it for ages, as it does even the white man, whenever he goes there temporarily, indolent. His wants were few, his intellect was therefore never quickened, his inventive and suggestive faculties were but little tasked, and enjoyment, quiet, and repose, became the great aim of his life, and not *improvement*, as with us. Stability was thus fixed upon all around him. He ceased almost to bear the image of a human being, and he fell an easy prey to the cupidity and craft of northern men.

How could the negro expect to escape that general law of our globe—that northern men shall in physical strength be above southern men, and that through it they shall gradually encroach upon and ultimately subdue southern countries, and rule over them?

Such is the fate of all southern countries. China, East India, Europe, all are living proofs of the fact. Southern people never mingle with northern men, except to be ultimately supplanted by them; nor can you point me to a single permanent northern acquisition a southern nation has made. This fact is a lesson which history has indelibly written upon the negro's back. The rule may have its few temporary exceptions among the whites, but with the blacks it is the absolute decree of fate. No southern people have yet founded a permanent empire northwardly; while all over our globe northern men rule in southern climes. Rome conquered all the nations south of it, but itself fell beneath the strokes of northern barbarians; and in Turkey the lesson will be repeated, before children, now born, will sink to their graves.

But by a strange reversion of fate it is no less true that, while northern physical force subdues that of the south, in return, southern science, southern law, and southern religion, rule the northern mind. To this, however, the negro is a negro is a lamentable exception, unless we admit the old Egyptians to be his countrymen, and then it is true of him in a very high degree. The African's mind, as we find it here, is, as a general rule, almost a blank, and we have taken small pains to make it otherwise. We rule both his body and mind. As to the latter, we have not used it, nor misused it; we have left it nearly as it was. We did not want the negro's mind, we wanted his bodily strength, and that we have used extensively, and to some purpose.

It has made the West Indies, Brazil, and our Southern States, what they are. True, the masters' intellect directed this labor; but it remains nevertheless a fact, that the slaves' labor, involuntary though it may be, created, and creates to this day, nearly all the wealth in the countries referred to.

It is an indisputable fact, that this involuntary labor has fertilized more acres in America than that of the free European; and equally undeniable is the position, that, leaning chiefly on this labor, the European advanced and brought into use the greater part of this American continent.

I have now nothing to do with the question, whether to *free* the negro would have advanced America's progress. The *proof* in the premises does not exist; and both sides have nothing left but assertions, whose truth or untruth I can afford to leave to be decided by time. What I have to do with is the fact, that *man*, whatever be the color of his skin, has in his sinews, his muscles, his intellect, his production, and his consumption, the seed of that relative power and wealth which each nation may enjoy. To *it* America and all our earth owes whatever of comfort exists within it. The black population was a *necessary* ingredient to American growth. Such was the object of its importation, and the result has fully justified, in dollars and cents, the primitive inoffensive idea which suggested the importation. And I hesitate not to say that *black* labor is still, and will remain for some time, *perhaps forever, necessary* to many parts of America, and that without it large portions of America can never be developed. Scan the map of South America; look over Brazil, think of the Amazon and the Orinoco, and reflect upon the cotton fields, the coffee estates, and the sugar plantations; and leaving the question of slavery or freedom untouched, it must be clear that the original idea to settle those portions of America with Africans, remains to this day not only a feasible idea, but the only one by which those countries can be reclaimed and preserved to the use of man. Whether it was right to make it an exportation, rather than an emigration—how far, or whether at all, the cruelties on the passage can be justified, (all emigrants are maltreated,) and whether the use of force has *added* to the productive power of the negro, are proper questions to be discussed by themselves; but we have for the present only to do with the result, and *it* places beyond dispute the fact, that the presence of of that population in America has, in spite of cruelty and wrong, and the evils necessarily flowing therefrom, proved a vast benefit to the whites, and those of the blacks who survived this fearfully brutal experiment upon the laws of migration.

Their labor lacks the permanence of the labor of the white man; but remember the latter *accumulates*, while that *quickening* impulse, call it good or bad, has never found an echo in the slave's breast.

Their mental improvement is lamentably behind ours; but whose is the responsibility? Do not utterly deny a quality, for whose extinguishment we have labored as a matter of self-existence. Slaves need good sound bodies; but whether they have souls, and what degree of intellect they require, is another question. It seems to be the rule, that the less of the latter, so as to leave them still *human* beings, the better for slavery. The master must supply the mind—the slave the body; and the former must always act upon the fear that the slave

> "May become like one of them."

Education is therefore avoided. The slave must be as near the animal as is consistent with the desire to make his labor profitable. And we have almost succeeded, and triumphantly we exclaim, The negro is an ape! and we thank God

> "That we are not like one of these."

Suppose, kind friends, we take a journey—not intending a report thereof for publication—to Russia, to the barbaric and nomadic tribes of high Asia, to the Bashkeris and the Calmucks, to the Fins and the Cossacks, and to the homes of the old Scythians. We see, there, human beings whose countenances evince brutal passions, whose cheek bones protrude, whose eyes make you tremble, and whose whole exterior—white though it is—shocks you. The lullabies sung over my cradle were the songs of joy of our mothers, that these barbaric hordes were once more returning to their homes, after they had barbarously overrun France. The means by which children were frightened, then, was to tell them that "the Russians were coming," meaning thereby the savage hordes of Eastern Russia. These men, civilized white man, live where your ancestors lived two thousand years ago. They look as some of our forefathers then looked. They act and they think as our forefathers then thought. In fact, if we want to see a specimen of some of our forefathers, there they are, to the very life; the chain of the debasement of despotism has only worn a little deeper. It would be hard to trace any one of us specially back to any one of these tribes and their homes. Our names, even, have slight clue; but it is undeniable that we have within us the mixed and mingled blood of many "barbarians" together, and that the blood of the Hun, the Goth, the Lombard, the Vandal, the Saxon, the Frank, the Gallic, the Angel, the Scandinavian, the Sclavonic, and the Romanie, etc., etc., runs a mingled stream in our veins. There, in Russia and Asia, are now beings, in the shape of human beings, who look as some of our forefathers did centuries ago. They are what men become when they are slaves to their passions and desires—when they sink into stability beneath the oppressor's grasp, and when they cease to migrate and to learn. We are what men become when they seek new homes, and, with these, greater freedom—when the intellect and the body get revivified by a change of productions and wants, and by diversified physical and mental food. We are the restless wanderers—they are the loiterers in their fancied paradise. Ours are northern bodies, civilized by southern lore—theirs are human bodies, as near the animal as it is possible to be. Let us reflect upon this, with those intelligent, tell-tale faces of ours, and make due allowance for the negro's original home and his dark skin, and we may look upon the negro's future with a kindlier eye and a better hope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Era.

JULIAN IN KENTUCKY.

Sun of October, harbinger of joy
And mellow loveliness throughout the land—
All glorious beaming from the Southern heaven,
Or coldly beautiful from Northern skies—
Say, didst thou mark, in all thy wondrous round,
A nobler scene?
Hark! Freedom's voice is heard,
In tones unsmothered, in a Land of Slaves!
Kentucky, home of hospitable men,
Men truly noble, gives the listening ear
To one whose boldness challenges her respect.

From Freedom's hallowed ground, the great North-west,
Bearing her own credentials, he went forth
At old Kentucky's call, through her best sons,
To claim of her a freeman's privilege,
And give the honest witness of his soul.

Across the mighty river which divides
The blight of Slavery from Freedom's bloom—
A visible, startling contrast—the dark tide
Which many a sable fugitive hath dared,
(The ripples from such passage scarce had sped! *)
Lured by the flashing sheen of Freedom's star,
And the strong impulse of a noble soul—
The Champion of Right adventured to
Kentucky's sunny slopes and fertile vales—
Whilom "the Dark and Bloody Ground" of strife,
Where the brave Red Man fell a sacrifice—
For what? That White and Negro should sink down
In mutual misery, and curse the land—
This beauteous broad land God made so good?
Forbid it, Heaven! But now our pilgrim saw
But the full evidences of decay
Where'er he turned his eye; nor for the *cause*
Marvelled he, as he marked the field-driven slave,
Or frequent coffle of the human mart—
Men, women, children, chained and tasked and striped;
God's image 'neath the lash like cattle driven,
Abhorrent spectacle to freeman's eye!
A sight to stir his pulse and flush his brow,
Or freeze the refluent currents of the heart.

But now, where Maysville's ancient spires ascend,
The country round has gathered to behold
The unwonted scene, and list the stranger's words.
Slaveholder and non-slaveholder appear,
With curious, sneering, or defiant gaze;
Some free to listen, and some prompt to strike
The daring "agitator" to the ground,
Should Southern "chivalry" bethink it due
To its own rights and dignity. But midst the mass
Indifferent or hostile, there are MEN
Of human nature's highest, noblest mould,
Who love their native State with patriot pride,
And Slavery hate in that enlightened love.
The *living* CLAY is there, in form and soul
Alive, and more, in fame to live forever—
The Cœur de Lion of true chivalry,
Who'd lead his country from its blighting wrong,
By opening wide the everlasting gates
Of Universal Liberty to Man.
But late I doubted much his wisdom, much
His purity; that still, but this no more
I doubt, on better knowledge of the man;
But hail him as a high heroic soul—
A light that dazzles oft, but steadfast glows.

Rising with native cool, collected mien,
He asks Kentucky's audience and respect
To him who stands to speak to her that day.
Then JULIAN takes up the plea beneath
The ægis of the Union's guarantee,
And claims a *citizen's*, a freeman's rights.
With calm, firm tones, but with unsparing words,
He speaks of Slavery as the bane and curse
Of bond and free; with bold, unfaltering hand
He limns the giant Monster, and holds forth
Its hideous front before its worshippers,
And calls on them to cherish the foul thing
No more, but own the Brotherhood of Christ,
Invoking Freedom's grand and prosperous reign!
Thus speaks he, quenching nought the generous flow
Of Freedom's spirit, and, lo! loud applause—
Applause to Freedom from the votaries
Of Slavery—comes like the matin cheer
Which, midst the darkness, tells the day is near!

Then follows Clay; and, as his fiery words
Strike on the electric chords of sympathy,
Redoubled cheers out-do the song of Hope,
Pealing the triumph notes of Prophecy—
That noble old KENTUCKY *shall be free,*
And North and South strike hands for LIBERTY!

Run swift thy cycles, O refulgent sun!
Till, from the blessed brightest one of all,
Thou shalt, o'erlooking all the expanse of Earth,
See not a slave!

* A large number of fugitive slaves had just previously taken the same route.

For the National Era.

FANATICISM.

BY G. M. STEELE.

It has been the opinion in society at large, that Fanaticism is always *radical* in its nature; that it is ultraism in progression. Now, I submit the assertion, and challenge successful contradiction, that there is a *conservative* Fanaticism quite as abnormal in its nature, as unhealthy in its operation, and as destructive in its results, as the other. The two start from nearly the same point, and move in opposite directions; but they meet again in the chaos and utter destructiveness of their consequences. Conservatism and radicalism in themselves are not necessarily inconsistent with each other. The former aims at the preservation of whatever is good in the frame-work and practical machinery of society; the latter proposes to root up whatever is wrong, corrupt, and infectious. So far they completely harmonize, and may go hand in hand in promoting the interests of our race. But sometimes they seem to grow jealous of each other's influence, and then a quarrel arises. One is too fast, or the other too slow. Each has exaggerated notions of its own value. Visionary schemes arise, and partisan zeal unites with the fancied conviction of right; frenzy inspires the devotees of each; then are they equally ultra, extravagant, fanatical. A simple illustration will show this more clearly. Take a man with a diseased limb already struck with mortification; he will not allow amputation, because unwilling to part with this important member. Another has a slight flesh wound on his arm, and insists on having his arm cut off. Which is the most a madman? The former is an ultra conservative; the latter a red-hot radical! The one rushes into certain death for the sake of saving the whole body; the other is made a cripple for life from an insignificant cause. The farmer, who suffered the sheep affected with a fatal and contagious disorder to remain till the whole flock was poisoned and lost, was no less a fool than he who, at the first appearance of the infection, slaughtered the whole flock to save their lives!

The Fanaticism of *conservatism* is a grotesque, parodoxical combination of perverse stolidity, malignity, and zeal. Radical Fanaticism is composed of the same malignity, an absurd faith, and a misguided fervor. The one takes it for granted that the world was made just right at first, and that it is still very good with all it contains. It would have nothing removed, nothing changed, nothing disturbed. Attack any existing institution, and the ultra conservative at once makes a deity of it—no matter if it be as black as sin, as hideous as hell, as destructive as ten thousand furies. An image is set up, and a cry like that in the wilderness is heard—"These are thy gods, O Israel; which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt"—and they fall down and worship the image, be it beast or devil. Such conservators of the old rotten institutions of dead ages would produce a putrid disease in the body politic, and put an end to human society in a single century.

Ultra *radicalism*, on the other hand, concludes that pretty much everything is wrong; it would forthwith demolish the structure, tear up the foundations, sweep away the whole universe, and construct a new one on more scientific principles. The one is closely allied with superstition, and worships only material objects, which may be seen, heard, and handled. Starting from this position, it pursues its way through various grades of idolatry and ends in Atheism—refusing allegiance to anything above the creed of its sect, the platform of its party, or its own organic law. The other begins with a pious reliance on divine revelation, soon adds thereto its own vaticinations, and concludes with Deism—believing, to be sure, that there are a great many good things in that antique book, the Bible, but nothing to be compared with the revelations of these modern days!

There are multitudes who are affected with both these types of Fanaticism. There is little choice with reference to them, except that which should be the choice of a wise man, to avoid both. Yet, were I compelled to an election, I should doubtless take the radical, inasmuch as a man, even in a burning fever, is of more consequence than one dead and decomposed. One reason why men are disposed to look with more suspicion on ultra radicalism than on ultra conservatism, is because the former usually claims a higher moral and religious character, with which anything of a violent or belligerent nature is totally incongruous. Another reason is, that the former is active and aggressive—therefore apparently more destructive; while the latter defends the poison working in the system less obviously, but by no means less fatally.

THE AMERICAN PRESS.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

For a year or two past, strong indications have been exhibited that the American Press was destined to be one grand "SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL." These indications have already become, to a considerable extent, a reality. Said a United States Senator from the South, not long since, "The series of scientific essays, sent by me to our editors, are published regularly in all our papers, and I hardly know what they would do without them."

Papers in all the States now make it a point to furnish their readers with something in the way of practical science. In the midst of the highest political excitement, scientific matter found place in numerous political journals. During several years' respite from political excitement now in prospect, the whole American Press will doubtless give scientific matter a prominent place in their columns, certainly, as schools are now looking to that source for appropriate lessons of instruction. A more instructive lesson, either for schools or families, cannot perhaps be found, than the following little manual of Geology, describing twenty-five elementary specimens, showing the elements and structure of the earth. The numbers have regard to a fundamental classification of rocks, designed to aid young hands in collecting, classifying, and labelling minerals, for the use of their homes and their schools.

The case is very plain, and very simple, that if the papers—*all the papers*—in our country—should give place to this brief compend of Geology, and the schools *all the schools* of our country—should use the papers containing it, both for reading and study, in special aid of collections by the hands of the pupils, a grand *simultaneous movement* would be made for the advancement of American science—an uprising of a hundred thousand schools in a body, going forth to take a lesson from the "OLDER VOLUME OF GOD," every leaf, line, word, and letter of which declares that its Author is divine and glorious.

HOLBROOK'S GEOLOGICAL CABINET.

An Introduction and Aid to Books.

The Bible is a book of examples, founded on principles for the regulation of human conduct; especially so for the management of the mind and soul, or intellect and heart. The example furnished by it, as a *starting point* in the pursuit of knowledge, is not only appropriate, as founded on Divine Wisdom, but is equally simple, beautiful, and sublime. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," is the sentence commonly referred to, as a specimen of the very highest sublimity. Its sublimity is in its simplicity, connected with the glorious truth uttered. A sentence more full of instruction never has been, probably never will be, uttered. It is also pre-eminently fitted to an inquisitive young mind, eagerly observing surrounding objects; at the same time rapidly and successfully, because *practically* learning them.

If the elements of the created universe form the "*First Lesson*" of the Creator to his creatures, why not follow the example thus set us by Him who created mind, as a *starting point* in the training of mind? In accordance with this example of Divine authority, the elements of our globe are selected as a "*first lesson*" for children. A "GEOLOGICAL CABINET" is prepared, consisting of twenty-five mineral specimens, so selected, arranged, labelled, and described, as to show, almost at a glance, the elements and structure of mountains, rocks, and soils; exactly fitted to gratify the eager curiosity of *every child* to learn what he sees; not only by seeing, but by handling, examining, comparing, classifying, and other steps for acquiring the most substantial knowledge, by the most thorough modes of learning.

"*Nature before Books, and Drawing before Writing,*" is a motto always in accordance with common sense, and now completely tested by experience, both in this country and Europe. It is already widely adopted by both continents, and is certain soon to be observed by all persons, everywhere, in the early instruction of children. The "Alphabet of Geology," by preceding the "Alphabet of Books," changes the latter from an unmeaning, irksome task, to an instructive, delightful lesson; learnt rapidly and certainly, because practically and agreeably.

The principal families of rocks, or geological formations, are the granite family, composed of three members, and forming all the highest mountains in the world; the hornblend, or trap family, consisting also of three or four members, widely scattered over the earth; lime formations, very abundant, various, and useful; magnesian or serpentine formations, containing highly valuable ores; conglomerate rocks, or those formed from the fragments of broken down rocks; carbon, or coal formations; fossils, or organic remains, or rocks containing the remains of more than nine thousand animals, with those of numerous plants; coral ranges, very extensive, and still increasing, by the labors of insects of the sea; and volcanic rocks, composing very numerous islands, and some mountains, from ten to fifteen thousand feet high. All these vast ranges of rocky and mountain masses, constituting the elements, the grandeur, and riches of our earth, beautifully and emphatically declare the sublime truth, that He who formed them has indeed and in truth "*weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.*"

Nos. 1 and. 2.—QUARTZ is the only mineral found everywhere. It forms a considerable part of all the highest mountains in the world, is the principal element of soils, composes nearly all the pebbles upon shores and in banks of gravel and sand, is the only material essential in the manufacture of glass; and, in some of its varieties, formed most or all the gems mentioned as set in the breastplate of Aaron, the high priest; also, those mentioned as composing the streets of the New Jerusalem. Quartz also forms most of the precious stones used in all ages of the world, as personal ornaments, worn on fingers, breasts, &c., and hence furnishing, to a considerable extent, articles of commerce among nations.

It scratches most other minerals, and is hence one of the hardest. Its colors are white, red, brown, smoky, blue, green, yellow, and clouded, with various shades of different colors. The most common quartz crystal is a hexagonal or six-sided prism, ending in a pyramid, with the same number of sides. The names, determined by the colors, forms, &c., are milk quartz, smoky, gray, yellow, rose, limpid, jaspery, blue, red, and clouded quartz; with numerous other varieties. The gems are amethyst, or purple quartz; jasper, or red quartz; cornelian, yellowish red; agate, clouded, &c., &c.

No. 3.—BURSTONE is porous quartz, principally brought from France, and used for the stones of flour mills, and is preferable for that use to any other material yet discovered. Its great hardness and numerous pores give it the character of an aggregation of knives, admirably fitted for reducing wheat and other grains to flour.

No. 4.—FELSPAR resembles quartz, and is extensively combined with it, in rocks, mountains, soils, &c. When pulverized, or decomposed, it forms clay, as pulverized quartz does sand. The two, combined, are the principal and essential ingredients of all soils, and of course should be fully and familiarly understood by all farmers. Felspar is used for making China ware, or porcelain, as quartz is for glass. It is scratched by quartz, and breaks more in the form of lamina, or a smooth table surface, giving it the appearance of a collection of small steps. Its color is white, reddish-white, flesh-color, sometimes brown, and occasionally other colors. It is far less various, and less beautiful in its varieties, than quartz. When it has a glassy appearance, and is translucent, it is called adularia. Labrador felspar, found extensively in Essex county, N. Y., is opolescent, or has a play of colors, as it is exposed to the light in different attitudes.

No. 5.—MICA unites with quartz and felspar to form the Himmalaya Mountains, the Andes, Rocky Mountains, Alps, Pyrenees, Carpathian, Ural, and all the highest mountains in the world. It is also found in ledges and loose rocks, or bowlders, widely scattered over different countries. It is easily split into leaves of almost any imaginable thinness, exceedingly elastic, and semi-transparent, and is thus fitted for the doors of stoves and other purposes, as a substitute for glass. In some parts of Russia it is much used for the windows of houses, where it is known by the name of Muscovy glass. It is frequently called isinglass.

Nos. 6 and 7.—GRANITE is composed of quartz, felspar, and mica—the latter thrown about in every possible direction—rendering the rock *unstratified*, not slaty. It differs widely in the degree of fineness of the three ingredients composing it, the mica sometimes being in plates two feet or more in diameter; at other times in fine spangles, like scales, thickly scattered through the rock. The quartz or felspar also vary greatly in the size of the masses composing the granite.

Fine granite is best fitted for purposes of architecture, for which it is extensively used in many countries. In the U. States are many quarries, furnishing building materials for all our seaports, and many inland towns and villages.

No. 8.—GNEISS is slaty granite, rendered so by the uniform direction of the mica. It hence splits in slabs of large and smooth surface, fitting it for sidewalks, floors, bridges, and many other purposes of economy and convenience. It is the prevailing rock on New York island, as it is in many parts of New England, and many other parts of the world. The color of gneiss depends, of course, upon that of the materials composing it, especially the mica, which is sometimes black, giving a black or dark color to the gneiss. It is more commonly of a lightish gray, and sometimes silvery.

No. 9.—MICA SLATE resembles gneiss, but is composed of quartz and mica. Felspar, composing a part of granite and gneiss, is wanting in this rock. It frequently has an undulating surface, but is smooth. It splits readily, and is used for purposes similar to those of gneiss. Garnets are more abundant in this than any other rock; and this rock contains more of those than any other crystals.

No. 10.—HORNBLEND is black, green, or other dark colors. It is more tough than hard, and is an element of rocks much used in architecture, also forming some of the most beautiful scenery in the world.

No. 11.—SIENITE is commonly called granite, but differs from it in taking hornblend in place of mica. The Bunker Hill Monument, (Massachusetts,) Merchants' Exchange, Astor House, Rutgers Institute, and numerous other buildings, in New York and other cities, are built of sienite, commonly called Quincy granite. Cleopatra's Needle, Egypt, is sienite.

No. 12.—BASALT. The Giant's Causeway is composed of basaltic pillars, many of which are six-sided prisms, from six inches to a foot or two in diameter, in blocks about the same length, with one end rounded and the other hollowed, so as exactly to match, and are piled upon each other to the height of 200 feet or more. Rocks nearly resembling these, and piled upon each other in a similar manner, form the Palisades on the Hudson, the two bluffs at New Haven, Mount Holyoke, and many other mountain masses in this and other countries. The same kind of rock is scattered over many countries, in the form of bowlders, and is frequently known by the name of ironstone. It is composed principally of hornblend or augite, which it resembles, and felspar, with a large portion of iron. Basalt, greenstone, and other rocks of the same family, are much used for building.

Nos. 13 and 14.—LIME formations are extensive, various, useful, and sometimes beautiful. They embrace common limestone, nearly all marbles, chalk, and many beautiful crystals. The older formations are in coarse grains, which give it the name of granular lime. The more recent is frequently finer or more compact, when it is called compact lime. It is frequently found in rhombic crystals, when it is called rhomb spar. When these crystals are transparent they are called Iceland spar, and produce double refraction—giving one line or letter seen through it the appearance of two.

All these formations are the carbonate of lime, composed of lime and carbonic acid. When burnt, the acid is thrown from the lime, when it is reduced to quicklime, and fitted for various uses in building; also for manuring land, for which it is extensively used. White limestone and milk quartz are sometimes confounded; but they may be easily distinguished by the knife, as the former can be cut, and the latter not; and more certainly by an acid, as the former effervesces, and the latter not.

No. 15.—GYPSUM is the sulphate of lime, and of course composed of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) and lime. In Italy and other countries, it appears in the form of alabaster, which receives a fine polish, and is translucent. When crystallized in transparent plates, it is called selenite (moonstone.) It sometimes appears in fine silky fibres, when it is called fibrous gypsum. Radiated gypsum is another beautiful variety of this mineral.

Gypsum is a powerful manure, and is much used for ornamental work in plastering rooms; also for busts and casts of various kinds.

No. 16.—SERPENTINE rocks form extensive barren ridges, but contain chrome ore, magnesia, asbestus, and other useful and curious deposits. It takes its name from its variety of colors like the serpent, though its prevailing color is green. The prevailing rock at Hoboken and Staten Island is serpentine, which extends, with frequent interruptions, through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, into Virginia. It abounds in various parts of the world.

No. 17.—TALC, like serpentine, contains magnesia. It is sometimes known by the name of French chalk. It has a greasy feel, and is easily cut with a knife, or scratched by the finger nail.

No. 18.—SOAPSTONE is composed of talc, minutely combined with quartz. It is easily cut with an axe or saw, turned in a lathe, smoothed with a plane, and thus changed into any form desired for economy or convenience. It is less abundant than serpentine, but is frequently found with it.

No. 19.—SANDSTONE is composed of grains of sand or quartz cemented into rocks, commonly by iron. It abounds in many countries, and is much used for buildings, and is the material for grindstones, whetstones, and other similar articles.

No. 20.—PUDDINGSTONE is a rock formed of pebbles, and cemented by iron. The pebbles are commonly quartz, rounded by a long course of friction. When the pebbles are limestone, not rounded, the rock is called breccia.

Nos. 21 and 22.—COAL. Mineral coal is divided into two great families—bituminous and anthracite. The former contains hydrogen, which produces ready ignition, a bright blaze, smoke, smell, tar, and coke. Anthracite is composed principally of carbon, which is ignited less readily, produces little blaze, smoke, or smell, no tar or coke, but a higher heat, and is more durable. Bituminous coal is found in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, Alabama, and other States. Nearly all the anthracite used comes from Pennsylvania. Both are found in various parts of the other continent.

No. 23.—FOSSILS. More than 9,000 different kinds of animals are changed into stone, or petrified; the greater portion of the species now extinct, or unknown in a living state. Some animals thus petrified were larger than elephants; others are microscopic, or too small to be seen by the eye alone. Microscopic animals thus fossilized, and now forming chalk, flint, marl, &c., were once alive, and possessed of the powers of action and enjoyment. One fossil, called the Lily Encrinite, or stone lily, is found to contain more than 100,000 bones or joints. On some portions of the Erie canal, rocks composed of different kinds of Encrinites are so abundant as to be used for the walls of locks. They receive a fine polish, and make a beautiful marble.

Six hundred different kinds of fossil, or petrified plants, have been discovered. In some cases, large trees, and even forests, are changed into stone. Many kinds of plants, especially ferns, are found in slate and other rocks about coal mines.

No. 24.—CORAL. Myriads of insects have been at work for thousands of years, in forming rocks and islands in many parts of the world. They have built from the depths of the sea large masses and ranges of rocks, many thousand miles in extent. Their work is generally in a circular form, frequently surrounding islands. They leave openings sufficient for ships to enter, and space enough between their work and the islands for a safe harbor to ships when entered. The rock thus formed is called coral; the ranges encircling islands, coral reefs; and the insects engaged in the work, coral insects; of which, numerous kinds are known, but are all small.

No. 25.—LAVA. A volcano is a burning mountain. More than three hundred have been discovered upon the earth. Some of them are constantly throwing out fire, smoke, ashes, and melted rock; others burn for a time, and then cease, or perhaps break out in a new place. Some of these volcanoes have thrown masses of melted matter, which has passed off in streams to the surrounding country, covering a surface larger than some of our States. The matter thus thrown from volcanoes is called *lava;* and the hole or opening from which it is thrown, is called a crater. The highest volcano is in the Andes mountains, more than 17,000 feet high, which sometimes throws out matter 6,000 feet above its summit. In some cases, the quantity of matter thrown from a volcano is greater than the whole mass of the mountain from which it is thrown. In 1783, two streams of lava flowed from a volcano in Iceland, one fifty miles long and twelve broad, and the other forty miles by seven—averaging one hundred feet in thickness, destroying twenty villages, and nine thousand inhabitants. Most of the islands in the Pacific ocean, and many in other parts of the world, are volcanoes. Some islands have risen from the midst of the sea in modern times, by the power of volcanoes.

REMARKS.

As a "*First Lesson*" for children, the "GEOLOGICAL CABINET" here described is probably the best that can be provided. It is certainly fitted both to interest and instruct young minds, before they can comprehend any book which is or can be prepared for them. The lesson is taken from "THE BOOK" studied with eager curiosity by *every child*, the first moment he opens his eyes upon the light of heaven; and is hence an introduction to continued lessons through life from the same book, studied in the same practical, delightful way as here commenced.

While this is a successful and delightful introductory lesson in "GOD'S OLDER VOLUME," the book of creation, it creates a desire and furnishes aid in learning the books of men. Children, in such a course, never fail to learn to spell, read, write, &c., almost without knowing it; as books are sought for as instruments in their work. They thus not only learn how to read, but to understand what they read—absolutely essential to making a good reader.

Such knowledge, thus acquired, also gives *independence of mind;* under all circumstances desirable—for a republican, indispensable; it is the very essence of republicanism. As the elements of the earth are also the elements of soils, a knowledge of them is especially important for farmers; and hence ought to be learnt by every farmer's sons, and daughters too. The Geological Cabinet is, of course, peculiarly appropriate for country schools; not less so for families. It becomes doubly important in the country, from the ease of increasing it by collections made by children, not only for their schools and families directly, but for exchanging with other schools and families in other places and countries. Thus "*National Interchanges*" of the most enlightened, *pacific* character, may be established among all sections and classes of the human family—a tendency to a "UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD" on earth.

Connected with this First Lesson in Geology, are others on Geometry, also peculiarly fitted to young minds. For such lessons, simple figures are prepared, showing the elements of form, as exhibited in endless and beautiful variety in objects around us. These figures, such as squares, triangles, hexagons, &c., are drawn on slates and on paper; also formed of paper, cut and combined into various shapes, showing the different crystals, structure of leaves and wood, work of bees and other insects; also, the work of human hands in architecture, and all kinds of mechanism; thus making Geometry, like its sister science, Geology, a source of endless instruction and delight, if used as first lessons in primary education.

Connected with both these sciences, especially Geometry, Drawing is indispensable; while, like both the others, it is highly delightful. Not only drawing-masters, but writing-masters now almost uniformly advocate the sentiment of "*drawing before writing*"—a sentiment doubted by no one who ever tried it.

Hence, geology, geometry, and drawing, separately, and still better together, form the appropriate *First Lessons* for children, both in schools and families. Each separately, and still more all united, are especially important as aids to *self-instruction;* also, to *mutual instruction* of children in the same family—virtually changing families into schools, for the instruction of children, the relief of parents, and the very highest satisfaction of all surrounding the "family board." By them, as remarked by a learned judge, "*observation and classification become early and fixed habits of the mind; the only habits by which the mind can be improved.*"

JAMESTOWN WATER CURE,

LOCATED in the beautiful and thriving village of Jamestown, at the foot of Chautauque lake, Chautauque county, New York, is now completed, and open for the reception of patients. It appears that nature, in this locality, has blended every facility to answer the wants of both body and mind. An abundance of water, of dewy softness and crystal transparency, to cleanse, renovate, and rejuvenate the disease-worn and dilapidated system; and to please the artistic eye of ideality, and to charm the lovers of the sublime, a natural scenery of surpassing beauty presents itself to view.

Here lies the lucid lake of Chautauque, reflecting as a mirror the royal hills that rise on either side; and the roar of the waterfall, caused by the outlet of the lake leaping the rock-ribbed barriers of nature, sends up a continual anthem. Here the disciples of Walton can ply the rod and line to their hearts' content, in taking the fine specimens of the finny tribe that swarms the waters of lake and stream; and the numerous groves and ravines in the vicinity afford a delightful retreat for those who love to gaze on nature in her wildest moods.

This establishment was constructed especially for a *Cure*, and planned, in every particular, according to the most approved model, by the proprietor, General Allen.

The medical department will be under the immediate supervision of E. Potter, M. D., and Mrs. L. M. Potter. Dr. Potter has had much experience in the treatment of the afflicted, having practiced Allopathy six years, and the Hydropathic system during the last three years, with admirable success.

Dr. Potter has associated with him a young man of energy and ability, Mr. Albert Allen, who will take charge of the business department of the Cure. There will be no pains spared to render this establishment emphatically the *Home* of the invalid, and to assist in his or her speedy recuperation.

Patients coming from the East or West will take railroad to Dunkirk, thence by plank-road and omnibus, three hours' ride to Jamestown; from the North, by read and stage on the various mail routes.

Terms—from $6 to $10 per week, according to treatment and room occupied. Patients will bring the usual amount of packing-clothes, towels, &c., or they can be furnished with them at the Cure. For further particulars, address E. POTTER, M. D., or ALBERT ALLEN, Jamestown, Chautauque county, New York.

May 19—tf

HALLETT, DAVIS, & CO.'S ÆOLIAN AND LEM. GILBERT'S BOUDOIR PIANO FORTES.

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BEING determined to offer the public the best Piano Fortes that are manufactured, we have arranged with the above-named Boston manufacturers, to keep constantly on hand at our ware rooms in New York and Philadelphia, in addition to our stock of New York and Philadelphia Pianos, a full and well-selected assortment of their celebrated Pianos.

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Of Lemuel Gilbert's Boudoir Pianos it is only necessary to say, that by a series of experiments, continued for eight years, he has triumphantly succeeded in making an instrument for small rooms, fully equal to the square piano.

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April 7—16t

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May 19. Cleveland, O.

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